The Soviet Fleet in the Mediterranean
December 14, 1967 35¢
DEVALUING THE POUND—AND LABOUR

THE REPORTER

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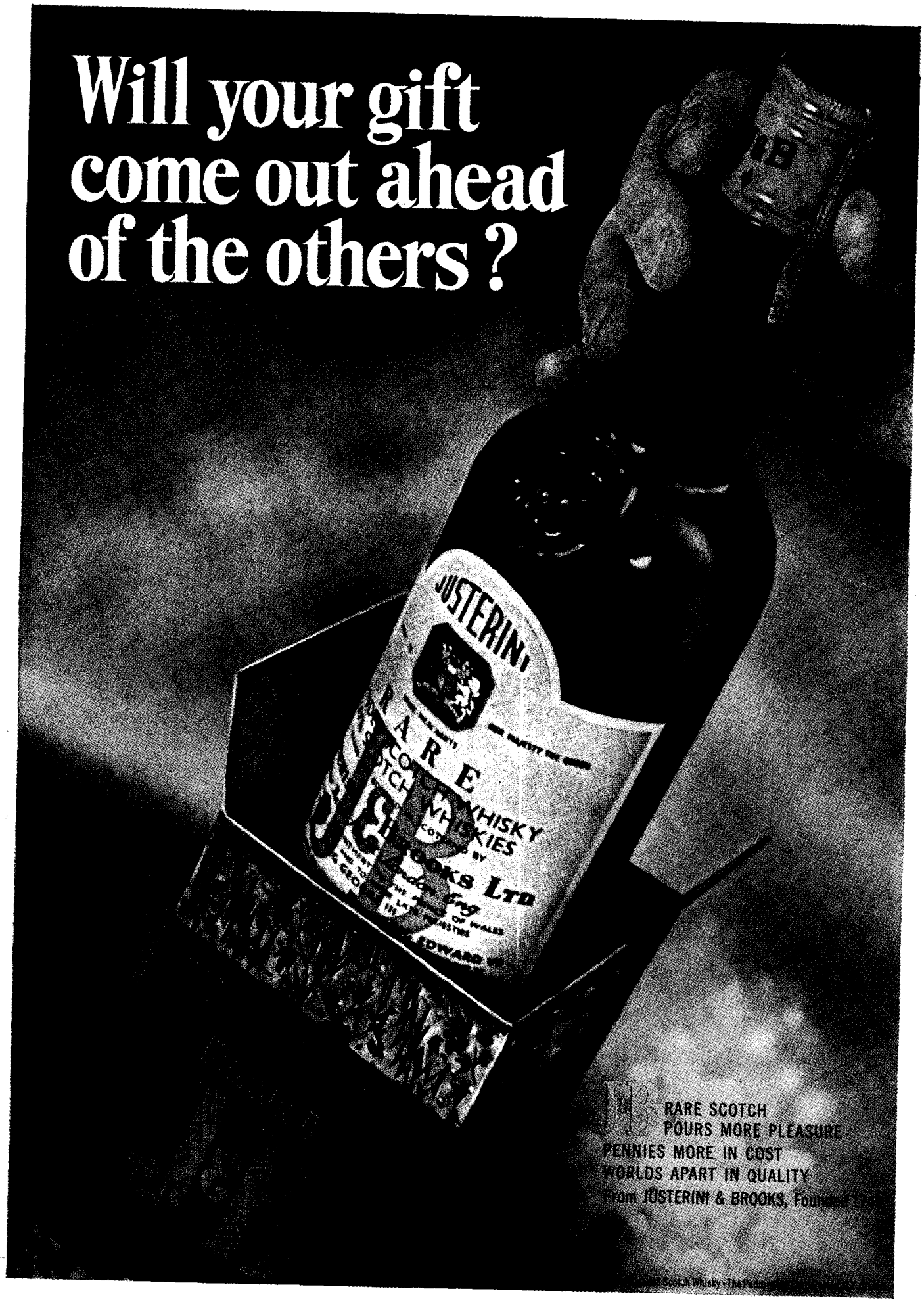

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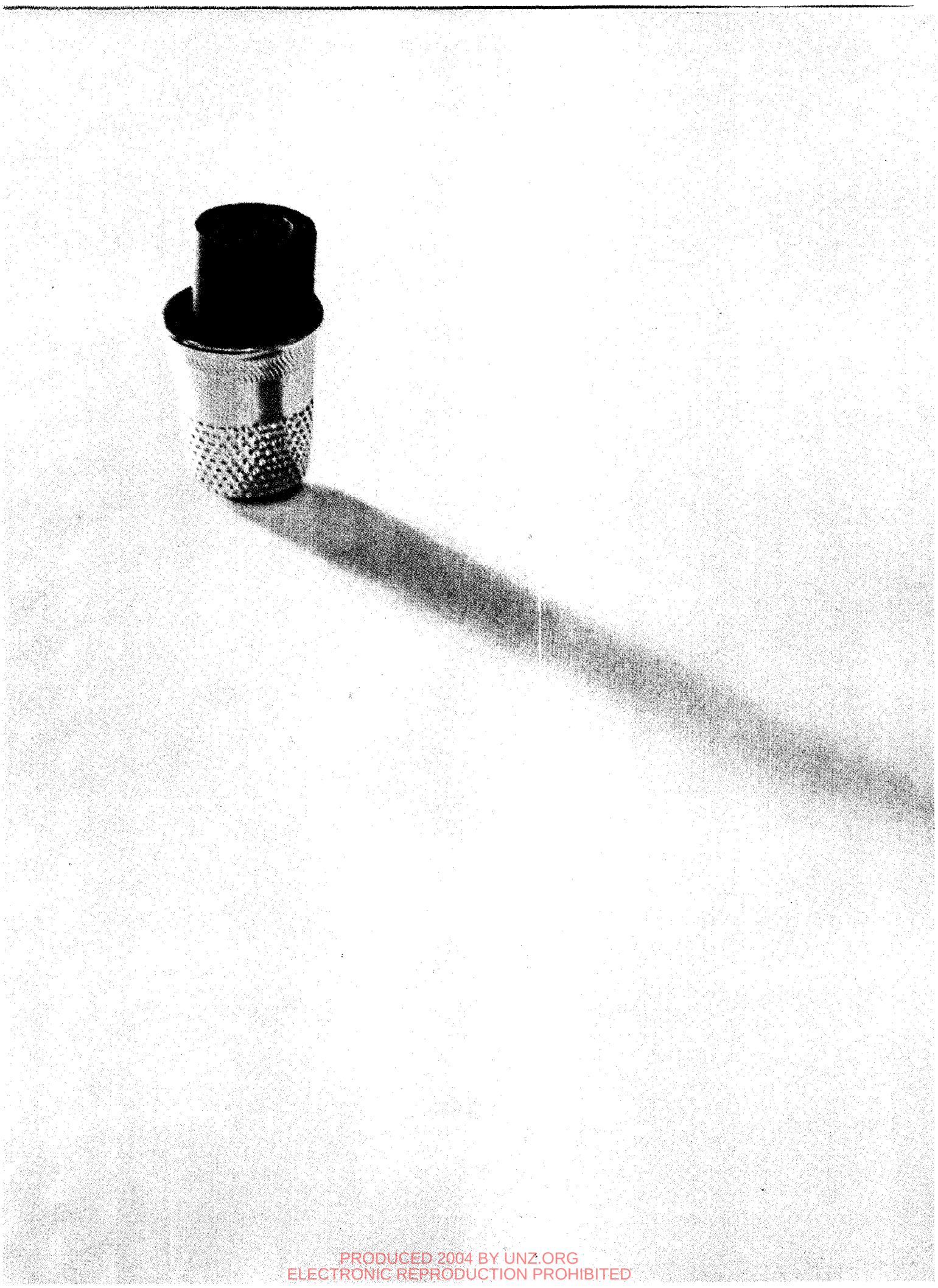

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A handful of people like Mary Carnwath are trying to keep our promise to the Indians. But they won't make it without you.

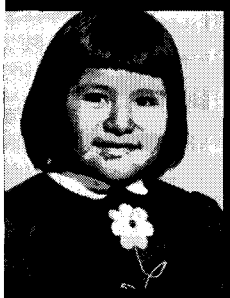
The Hopi Indians' village of Shipaulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.



Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is providing a remarkable number of things for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. And with the money left over, together with funds from other sponsors, the village has been able to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children—who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

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Mary Carnwath knows that she can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough Mary Carnwaths. How about you?

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

CONTINUING his latest editorial, **Max Ascoli** places in historical perspective both the present Russian and American postures. Tocqueville could find some striking similarities between the two great countries. Now that Russia has become the Soviet Union and America an imperial power that absolutely refuses to exert imperial functions, the relationship has become infinitely more complex and potentially dangerous. Neither wants war, but what each means by peace is something totally different. Lenin was an assiduous student of von Clausewitz; the Americans are Bible readers.

THE SINKING of the Israeli destroyer *Eilat* by Soviet-trained Egyptians firing Soviet missiles from Soviet-built ships brought home to the West the fact that Mare Nostrum isn't really nostrum any more. The lesson was underscored when units of the Soviet Fleet anchored in Egyptian ports to restrain Israeli retaliation. The presence of a growing Soviet flotilla in the Mediterranean, where our Sixth Fleet has ruled the waves, represents the farthest extension of Russia's historical drive toward "warm water" and adds a new element to the power politics of a region weakened by withdrawal of the British presence. **Claire Sterling** reports on the disturbing development and on its possible repercussions, particularly in Italy. . . . The implacable Soviet enmity toward the West is placed in its Marxist light by the Soviet Communist Party Secretary, **Leonid Brezhnev**, in excerpts from his November 3 speech in Moscow marking the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution.

BEHIND the devaluation of the pound lies a steady deterioration of the British economy under the Labour government. The financial soundness of a trading nation after all, rests on efficient, competitive production of goods and services. From London, **George Bailey** explains how British traditions and conflicts within the Labour Party and its union movement have caused production to stagnate, leading inevitably to the nation's monetary devaluation—and the party's political discredit. . . . Following the South Vietnamese elections, the highest priority, according to **Denis Warner**, is now the creation of a non-Communist opposition that will in due course make the National Liberation Front a distinct minority in future nationwide elections. . . . There is a lesson for Vietnam —and for those who criticize our policy there—in how the war that won security for South Korea has been followed by a popular effort that has almost made the country independent of outside economic aid. Stepped-up harassment from the North, **Emerson Chapin** writes, is a measure of the success of Korean-American tenacity of purpose. Mr. Chapin, formerly Tokyo bureau chief of the New York *Times*, is now on a fellowship at the East Asia journalism program of Columbia Univeristy, where he also teaches in the Graduate School of Journalism. . . . "The City Too Busy to Hate," as Atlanta calls itself, has been justly proud of its record in race relations. As elsewhere, however, improved conditions for Negroes have also led to increased demands, and Atlanta is now feeling strong pressure from a new Negro coalition. **Joseph H. Baird** is a political writer for the weekly *De Kalb New Era*. . . . **G. W. S. Trow,** who is on the staff of the *New Yorker*, gathered material for his report on India's lagging family-planning effort during a recent three-month visit to that country.

NEW YORK CITY voters rejected a civilian review board last year after police complained that it would tie their hands. **C. P. Crow,** formerly with the New York *Herald Tribune* and now with the *New Yorker*, inadvertently witnessed how some policemen used those untied hands in the pursuit of justice. The encounter left him thoughtfully confused. . . . **Jack Cope,** a South African novelist and poet, was raised in close association with the Zulu people, and is interested in the problems of native tribes. . . . **Gordon A. Craig,** a professor of history at Stanford, is the author of several books, including *War, Politics, and Diplomacy: Selected Essays* (Praeger). . . . **John Mecklin,** a member of the staff of *Fortune*, is the author of *Mission in Torment* (Doubleday) and has worked in Vietnam as a journalist. . . . **Robert Sklar** is at the University of Michigan and is the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* (Oxford). . . . **Jean Farley's** poetry is included in *The Hollins Poets* (University of Virginia Press). She is on the staff of the *Kenyon Review*.

Our London cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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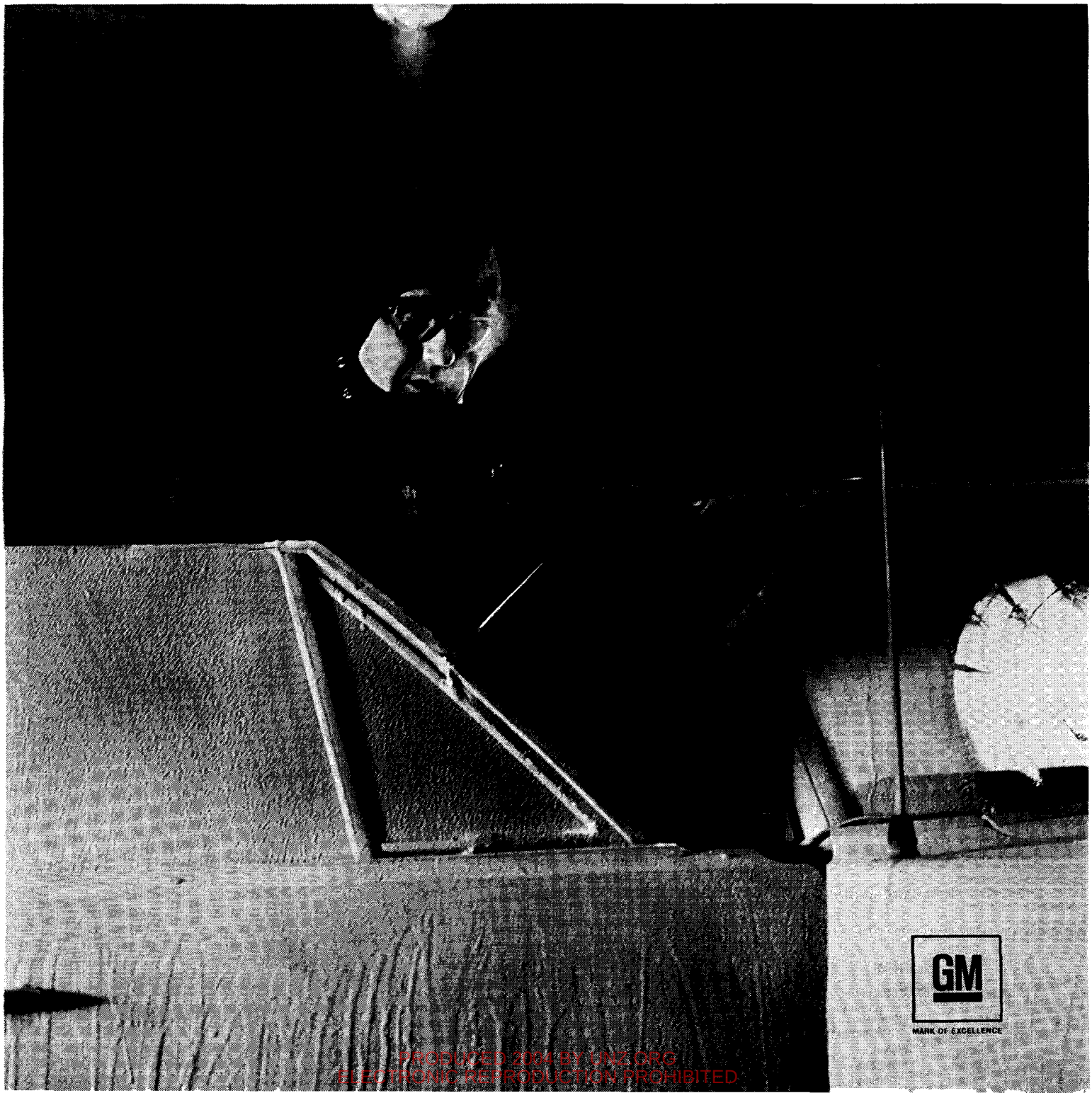
Peter M. Gibson, Special Tester, Oldsmobile Division, Lansing, Michigan.



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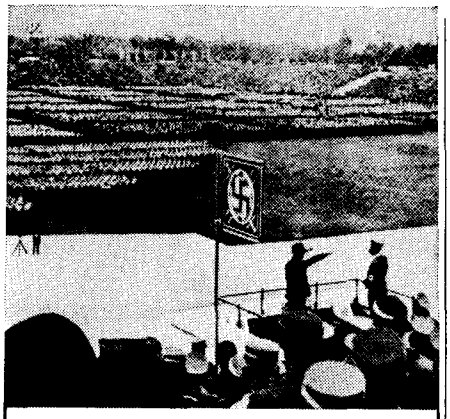

An observer at the 1927 Nazi party rally noted that the Nurembergers did not take it seriously. But only six years later Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. And by 1938—the year of the last rally—the whole world watched with growing apprehension the awesome spectacle, the extraordinary displays of military power and pseudo-religious pageantry that marked the Nuremberg party rallies.

How the rallies developed, how they impressed the world at the time, what lay behind the clockwork demonstrations—these are among the topics discussed by Hamilton T. Burden in this first study of the rallies in English.

"As Burden's tale unfolds, it is clear that Hitler and his associates... combined as diabolical a collection of negatives as could well be imagined. Anti-Semitism, German racism, grievances of defeat, the economic injustices of the Versailles Treaty, the miseries of the German workers—all were used to create a rising tide of hatred... that left Versailles Europe in ruins."
—ADOLF A. BERLE

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by Hamilton T. Burden

Foreword by Adolf A. Berle

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

CORRESPONDENCE

ISRAEL TODAY

To the Editor: The three articles by Herbert Weiner, George Bailey, and Eli Ginzberg in your issue of November 16 give a balanced picture of Israel five months after the Six Day War. If I take the privilege of adding a comment, it is only to bring to the attention of American readers one of the unique aspects of Israel's current situation: its position as a "conquering" minority in the Middle East.

While it is true that Israel has won a striking military victory, it is clear that the country still faces a major political dilemma. If it follows a hard line and pushes its "right of conquest" to hold on to territories that will diminish if not eliminate the security strain on its borders, it will undoubtedly deepen Arab hatred and resistance and provide the Soviet Union with a field for its own type of expansion. If it follows a magnanimous line and accedes to the mounting international pressure to return conquered areas without peace guarantees, it will turn history back to the conditions antedating the war.

Even after its successes in three wars, Israel knows that it is still on the defensive—as long as the Arab millions are arrayed against it as sworn enemies and as long as a major power like the Soviet Union encourages them in their attitude. Israel's position, therefore, has to be understood by public opinion abroad as providing the Arabs with another chance to demonstrate their maturity and desire for peace. Israel cannot afford to be magnanimous toward an enemy bent on its destruction, an enemy which receives an unending flow of arms to carry out that purpose. It cannot, however, afford to be anything except reasonable and conciliatory toward a people that outnumbers it thirtyfold and that, at the same time, offers the hand of peace.

It is only in the setting of peaceful confrontation between Israel and the Arab states that the agonizing problems delineated by Weiner, Bailey, and Ginzberg can be resolved.

JACK J. COHEN
Jerusalem

To the Editor: In "The Strange World of UNRWA" (*The Reporter*, November 16), George Bailey writes of "the direct confrontation of the State of Israel with its political antibody, the Arab refugee community, as institutionalized in UNRWA." For the record, I should like to make clear that UNRWA's humanitarian mission is restricted to providing such assistance to the Palestine refugees as it can within the limits of funds made available to it and through programs approved by the United Nations General Assembly. In no sense does UNRWA "institutionalize" the refugee community, nor is it empowered to operate on behalf of that community.

Further, far from a "direct confrontation" occurring between the government of Israel and UNRWA, the agency and the government, at the latter's request, concluded on June 14, only a few days after the cessation of hostilities, basic arrangements providing for the continuation of UNRWA's services to the refugees in areas occupied by Israel. As I reported to the General Assembly, the co-operation envisaged in those arrangements has been effective at all levels. The UNRWA services in Jerusalem, the West Bank area of Jordan, and the Gaza Strip are continuing to run smoothly along normal lines.

LAURENCE MICHELMORE
Commissioner-General, UNRWA
United Nations

JOB PROGRAM

To the Editor: Thomas R. Brooks's article "A Job Program That Works" (*The Reporter*, November 16) is a fascinating story of one of the most effective job programs in the country, and indicates what can be done when ingenuity and hard work are combined to implement a well thought-out approach.

There are many white people who have complained, "Why don't Negroes study and work to pull themselves up by their bootstraps like we did?" Mr. Brooks has shown us that an increasing number of Negroes are succeeding through the same kind of hard preparation and cram tutoring that many white students have used in the past to get higher scores on college-preparatory exams. I am sure their successful example will serve as a spur to thousands of others in the years to come.

Perhaps one of the most telling points made by Mr. Brooks is that both the contractors and the unions are increasingly supporting the work of the Workers Defense League-A. Philip Randolph Institute Joint Apprenticeship Program. Considering the skepticism with which they viewed the program at its inception, this augurs well.

HARRY FLEISCHMAN
Race Relations Coordinator
The American Jewish Committee
New York

To the Editor: The singular success of the Joint Apprenticeship Program is an effective reply to those who consider the building trades utterly impervious to racial integration. Even this tough nut can be cracked—if sound programming and hard work, in co-operation with the unions, replaces the verbal militance of defeatism.

TOM KAHN
Executive Director
League for Industrial Democracy
New York

To the Editor: The article by Thomas R. Brooks not only does not repeat a large number of semi-accurate clichés

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about the problem of getting minority-group workers into skilled crafts, but in addition is well written, well informed, and essentially useful and educational. More articles like this would do a lot in contributing to opportunities for minority-group youth.

DON SLAIMAN, Director
Department of Civil Rights
AFL-CIO
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Mr. Brooks has captured the essence of what our project is attempting to do, and what is involved in doing it.

MAIZIE FULSTON
Executive Secretary
Joint Apprenticeship Program
Brooklyn, New York

FAIR HOUSING

To the Editor: George R. Metcalf's article "A Century of No Progress?" (*The Reporter,* November 16) on the *Jones* v. *Mayer* case is excellent. In my view this is a historical case that may well result in solving the present dilemma arising from the fact that the forces against Federal fair-housing legislation in Congress were sufficiently powerful to prevent any effective progress toward enactment of such legislation, even though it is very much needed.

The Reporter is to be congratulated on calling the pendency of this litigation to public attention. It points the way for the taking of a long step forward in dealing with the dangers to our democratic system implicit in the existence of our racial ghettos. The existence of housing segregation and discrimination based on race in this country gives the lie to the promises of equality of opportunity for all implicit in our Federal and state constitutions. Unless that lie is removed, there will be many who will repudiate the ways of democracy as a form of hypocrisy. Let us hope that through this case and through the drive for fair-housing legislation, this threat to our free way of life is removed.

SOL RABKIN
Anti-Defamation League
of B'nai B'rith
New York

GALLUP'S NIXON

To the Editor: "The Reporter's Notes" in the November 16 issue stated that Republican governors believe that Romney and Nixon "have worn out their welcome with voters." *The Reporter* claims that "evidence" of this is found in the polls, which evidence in Nixon's case is said to be his "temporary popularity." No poll I ever heard of gives evidence that Nixon's popularity is "temporary." Polls over the past year have shown a consistent trend of increasing popularity, with the Gallup Poll of October 22 showing Nixon beating Johnson.

PETER M. FLANIGAN
New York

Someone should still make wines in the tradition of yesteryear...
Brother Timothy, our cellarmaster, takes his time about finishing wines. Even after they're bottled, he gives them a long rest before sending them on their way: a final maturing . . . in the old world manner. Uncork them gently. There's something great inside.
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Is It Really McCarthy?

The impact of Senator Eugene J. McCarthy's candidacy may some day be measured not in its effect on the Johnson administration but in its effect on the ambitions of Robert F. Kennedy. In his first press conference as a candidate, McCarthy encouraged the notion that he might be preparing a path for the New York Senator, especially by running well in Presidential primaries. "I don't think it's a matter of stepping aside," he said of Kennedy. "It may be a little less voluntary than that."

McCarthy mentioned Kennedy several times, citing him as an authority on bombing Vietnam and volunteering the news that he and the Kennedys have "had no quarrel." "I've not been as much an opponent of the Kennedys as it has been reported . . .," he said. He also suggested that should Kennedy shove him aside after a few successful primaries, "I don't see that as a disaster . . . I would have been glad to have had him move early. If he had, then there would have been no need for me to do this. But it would certainly be in order for him and wholly proper within the rules of American politics to move in."

McCarthy's motives in spotlighting Kennedy when he could better use the political attention himself lend themselves to only two interpretations. One is that he is indeed a stalking-horse, bred by a prearrangement with Kennedy and a confirmed political and ideological accord between the two men. This theory is buttressed by an examination of McCarthy's well-earned reputation as a philosophical, lackadaisical campaigner. Metaphysics has seldom been the key to winning primary campaigns, either against an opponent busily shaking hands or against an incumbent President. If McCarthy's low-key campaign produced a substantial vote, it could also signify that it is time for Kennedy to rally himself to the task for which he has been waiting. Another indication of McCarthy's deference to the Kennedys is his delicacy in regard to the Massachusetts primary. The Minnesota Senator said he would not enter the primary there until after a meeting of the Democratic State Committee. This decision makes McCarthy unique, since that committee is one of the most scorned political bodies in the country. McCarthy, of course, was deferring to Senator Edward M. Kennedy, whose embarrassment could be acute if either the President or a stand-in like Speaker John W. McCormack were McCarthy's opponent. McCarthy's deference here could also involve a deal whereby a certain number of his articulate supporters from Cambridge could be named delegates to the 1968 convention with the intent of raising a ruckus with the Platform Committee. In return, McCarthy would not stray onto a Kennedy preserve, the Massachusetts ballot. Otherwise the Massachusetts primary might be a hospitable forum for McCarthy's views, largely because of the low turnouts for the April primaries there. McCormack, running as a favorite son, needed only 28,000 votes to beat Adlai Stevenson in the 1956 primary. Since that time, two well-financed peace candidates have run for the Senate, each receiving more than 50,000 votes.

The second theory on the McCarthy-Kennedy riddle involves no entente at all, unspoken or otherwise. Instead it surmises that McCarthy is taunting Kennedy in hopes of obtaining his open support or, more likely, of giving the signal to Democratic forces whose loyalties and organizational abilities are responsive only to Kennedy's call. If McCarthy is taunting, his tactics may be effective, in light of past statements by Kennedy in praise of the President. As recently as June 3, Kennedy said that the President "has gained a huge popularity, but he has never failed to spend it in the pursuit of his beliefs or in the interest of his country . . . . In 1964 he won the greatest popular victory in modern times, and with our help he will do so again in 1968." At a meeting of Democratic state chairmen in March, Kennedy had gone even further in praising the "strong team" of Johnson and Humphrey, saying, "I know we are all going to work for them."

The rules of American politics do not require Kennedy to reiterate these sentiments, any more than they require President Johnson to repeat his 1964 words about his new opponent: "I count it one of my more desirable pleasures to say good words—at any time—about Gene McCarthy . . . . He's the kind of man—as we say in the ranch country in Texas—who will go to the well with you. That's a homely way of saying you can count on him in dark days or bright ones."

Kennedy can follow the rulebook of American politics by proclaiming his neutrality during the primaries, just as he has done in New York party affairs and his brother Edward has done in Massachusetts primaries. The New York Senator has said that a Johnson-McCarthy confrontation "would be a healthy influence on the Democratic Party." But in the springtime, as the fever of intraparty strife rises, it might be difficult to discern any healthy influence for Democrats, except for those who remain neutral.

The Last Protectionist Charge

The devaluation of the British pound has hit at a moment when organized protectionist sentiment in the United States is once again on the rampage. True, the immediate onslaught of the protectionist forces was halted by the appearance of four cabinet members before the Senate Finance Committee on Octo-

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ber 18 and by the spirited counter-attack of powerful anti-protectionist industrial interests. But the opposition, within and without the government, had been caught napping; it took tricky parliamentary maneuvering to beat back the protectionists.

And that was before devaluation. It was a good bet in October that Senator Everett M. Dirksen would lead his troops back into battle on behalf of import duties in 1968. Now it must be considered a certainty. And with devaluation they will come armed with a new argument: what was previously a matter of protecting this or that industry from the consequences of low foreign wages or other alleged unfair advantages will now be a matter of protecting American industry as a whole from foreign goods artificially cheapened by devaluation.

The administration's case suffers the disadvantage that it appeals, in the last resort, to enlightened self-interest—a willingness to pay now, specifically and individually, for the sake of rewards that will come later, generally and collectively. Against the undoubted immediate gain that steel or textile manufacturers would derive from import quotas, government officials can only hold out the likelihood that foreign customers would retaliate, prices would rise, our balance-of-payments position would deteriorate, we would lose friends abroad, and in the long run the protected industries themselves would suffer from a lack of "healthy and vigorous competition"—all distant, vague, and general.

Fortunately for both the administration and the British—for whom stiffer duties would be a severe blow—a sizable segment of U.S. industry abhors trade restrictions, because they have the effect of limiting the ability of foreign countries to buy U.S. goods. In many cases, these exporters also have big investments abroad; and unless tougher obstacles to overseas dollar investment are established, this group is not likely to be greatly affected by devaluation. It could play a crucial role in the months ahead; at the very least, it could keep devaluation from becoming a powerful tool in the hands of those eager to dismantle the painfully assembled edifice of freer world trade. But if the events of October are any indication, it will be an uphill struggle.

The Disheartened Volunteers

There seems to be a growing feeling these days that the spirit of volunteer public service has been carried far enough. Community Action and VISTA workers have often antagonized City Hall and tangled with local agencies on behalf of the poor, and the repercussions have reached the Capitol. And the problems of the Peace Corps have been multiplying.

For one thing, "The problem of induction notices to overseas volunteers is becoming a major concern," Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughn has said. Until a year ago, no Peace Corps volunteer had been drafted. Since then, more than sixty have had pleas for deferments rejected. The Corps now has twelve thousand volunteers overseas; 7,200 of them are male, of whom at least eighty per cent are draft-eligible. Their average age is twenty-three. It takes $5,000 and three months to train a volunteer and get him to his post. "As more and more volunteers lose their [draft] appeals," Vaughn said, shipment of draft-eligible volunteers overseas will have to be discontinued.

Vaughn faces other problems. Recruiting in the colleges is going badly this year. Worse, Congress is cutting back the Corps' funds; the President asked for $124 million but the budget is now down to $105 million. Vaughn fears that by 1969 the number of overseas volunteers will be cut back by a third to the 1963 level of under eight thousand. VISTA's modest $31-million budget, too, is nearly certain to be shrunk to about $25 million under the impact of the current Congressional economy drive.

The young American volunteers have shown what they can do for their country, but what is the country going to do for them?

That Old Black Magic

One of the less bloodthirsty devices used by Haitian President for Life François Duvalier to extend his ten-year dictatorship is to exploit the Voodoo superstitions of his people. He has convinced many that dogs, cats, and even insects are his eyes and ears, making him able to eavesdrop everywhere on any seditious talk. Lately the Haitian Coalition, a New York-based group of anti-Duvalier exiles, has found its own way to undermine belief in Papa Doc's mysterious powers. Using clandestine sources on the island, the coalition in its daily short-wave broadcasts in Creole is able to give details of arrests and activities of Haitians in and out of the government that are never reported in Haiti. Now many of the people believe that the New York magic is stronger than Papa Doc's.

Duvalier's imminent downfall has been predicted so often that one begins to discount tales of worsening conditions and to believe that maybe the dictator does lead a charmed life. Nevertheless, his situation is becoming ever more precarious. One trouble is money. Papa Doc needs millions to maintain his army and the notorious Tonton Macoutes, the sport-shirted, pistol-packing bully boys who terrorize the populace and shield their master in his white-painted palace. For lack of funds—the coffee crop has been poor, almost no foreign aid or tourist receipts come in, and the International Monetary Fund recently declined to renew standby credits—Papa Doc has had to let many of his gunmen go. The shield is getting thinner. A few weeks ago, men armed with machine guns held up a branch of the Bank of Canada in Port-au-Prince and made off with $70,000. Since no one in Haiti has machine guns except the Duvalier forces, Haitians assumed that the job was pulled by someone powerful who was desperate for cash. In another move last month, the régime reportedly levied a special tax of $400,000 on the Haitian-American Sugar Company, one of the few solvent operations on the island.

These indications, together with the paranoid suspicions in the Presidential Palace—from which an unceasing flow of arrest and execution orders has been directed even toward the dictator's closest collaborators and family—suggest that if Duvalier does wield black magic, he had better use it now.

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We and They: II

THE MEANING of Trotsky's phrase "No war—no peace" when he refused to sign the Brest Litovsk Treaty was fully grasped by Lenin, after another Bolshevik dignitary did what Trotsky could not bring himself to do. Lenin thought that it had to be ratified, yet it had to be violated. "I don't mean to read it," Lenin said, "and I don't mean to fulfill it." The same spirit guided Stalin in guaranteeing nonintervention in the domestic affairs of countries that recognized the Soviet Union, including the United States in 1933. His successors furthered the Trotsky principle with a luxuriant wealth of different and seemingly incompatible meanings. "No war—no peace" has come to mean coexistence in the language of Soviet diplomats, particularly when they have to deal with countries not yet marked for intense penetration. But in the areas where tension is mounting, the Soviet leaders have become practitioners of brinkmanship. John Foster Dulles coined the word, and the men who he never forgot were our enemies made of it an art, by skillfully playing on the fears of their opponents with obscure threats and mystifying decoys.

The burden of balancing the Soviet Union's might and the possession by both sides of the ultimate means of warfare fell on this country—the most unsuited to the game of power politics, the most isolated because of its very vastness. Perhaps the main cause that makes it extremely hard for us to grasp the inner structure and dynamism of the Soviet Union is the fact that we never had a Communist Party worth any political consideration. Maybe this condition of things has been somewhat altered by the late Senator McCarthy; yet it is not conceivable that the riotous upsurge against the Vietnamese War and our institutions of government are maneuvered by Communist cadres. The comrades in the Soviet Union and everywhere in the world do what they can to help, but at the root of it all there is childish innocence—a childishness that knows no limits of age. The illiteracy of the literate is well known. There is also, and largely represented in our midst at this time, the dumbness of the clever.

At present, the balance of terror is unbalanced and we are on the losing side. Such changes occur constantly, determined mostly by trends inside the two major powers, and also in the peripheral ones, whose influence is not negligible. To redress an imbalance of this nature is a matter for statesmen much more than for generals. The fundamental trouble does not come from Communist aggressiveness or Communist wiles but from the complacency of so many Americans and so many allies. Such a complacency, sometimes mixed with muddleheadedness or with fear, can make a powerful country into a docile satellite.

SOVIET DIPLOMACY or Soviet propaganda, which is about the same, has succeeded in distorting ideals and institutions which the pursuit of freedom had engendered. So, for instance, voting rights for all citizens—which Communism allows only when there is no choice to make—has been advocated for the unification of the two Vietnams on the assumption that the bloc vote of the North and of the Vietcong would be enough to take over the whole country. And some Americans have said: Why not? The Communists have made the "wars of liberation," everywhere except within the Soviet empire, a preserve of their own. Many Americans were sympathetic, for, it was said, this country too had been a colony. For a time, one of the American ideals was to make the world safe for diversity, which came to be considered as an evidence of worthiness. The Communists were quick in pointing out that being diverse from us and, they say, among themselves, they too could qualify.

Diversity and newly gained national freedom, no matter how acquired, turn out to be meaningless when disassociated from the nexus of varying factors that make them livable and enduring; yet respect for its territorial integrity has come to be considered the natural endowment of anything called a sovereign state. To this notion our diplomacy is particularly dedicated. There is a strange division of labor between our country and the Communist ones: the Communists strive with

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all their means to bring about changes via their "wars of liberation" or national revolutions, using all means of conventional warfare short of direct intervention, and all conceivable aliases. They manipulate the status, and we provide the quo.

But if a Communist country attempts to erase its boundary with a non-Communist neighbor we care for, then sooner or later we are drawn in, first with our weapons and then with our soldiers. This, of course, has been the case in Vietnam, and the extraordinary thing has been how many eminent Americans have dedicated themselves to missing the point entirely. The Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, to mention only one, suggested at the beginning of October that the Soviet Union bring the American bombing of Vietnam to the Security Council. There, it is to be assumed, the bombing would not be approved. The President, he said, is personally and vitally interested in having the Soviet Union and other nations that have criticized the United States back their words with action. What kind of action did the good Senator from Montana have in mind, and by whom?

Certainly the President was not enthusiastic when, in a recent press conference, he commented on a resolution passed by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and later by the Senate that recommended an appeal to the Security Council. A number of prominent newspaper writers have mentioned the Soviet Union and Red China among the powers whose intervention could be most useful to us in reaching an understanding with Hanoi. The only possible comment one can make is that, no matter how unprepared our State Department might have been in handling its postwar responsibilities, it was well equipped as compared to some of the great brains of Congress and the American press.

No other great power stands in front of us except the Soviet Union. Red China is already a competitor of the Soviet Union, but mostly in doing harm to us. Our wartime and postwar diplomacy has been singularly improvident in seeing to it that every western ally be divested of its overseas possessions, thereby competing with their former colonies in hating us and asking for subsidies from us. This country, at a great price, is paying its debts to the descendants of former slaves; and now it has to contend with the revolt against what is called the American colonization in other continents by men who are the slaves of their own envy.

AT HOME, there is great confusion and bewilderment, which find their pretext in the Vietnamese War and their scapegoats in President Johnson and Secretary Rusk. From the time it was founded, the U.S. was dedicated to lofty universal principles that, with the passing of time and the immense multiplication of wealth, became assiduously escorted by that tricky, instance-by-instance practicality called pragmatism. It hasn't proved to be a healthy combination. Irrespective of creeds, this country could never be termed unprincipled or Godless, but there are two ways of conceiving infinity, which is a name for Godliness: one comes from the recognition that all our instruments of measurement, no matter how earnestly applied, fail beyond a certain limit of ultimate human exertion. The other comes from not bothering with any measurement or exertion, and assuming that the quality of infinity can be attributed to anybody at any time. This applies to the notion of the individual and, most of all, of God. For isn't man made in the image of God, and why bother God and ask what He wants of us when there are so many images of Him around, one as good as the next?

The second attitude came to be predominant in America at the time when the most authoritative men were giving the assurance that peace was a-coming, the coziest kind of peace, with Russia and with Communism at large. Then came the massive American participation in the Vietnamese War, and the plans on how to get out of Vietnam started pouring out. The strange thing about all these plans is that they are all one-dimensional, all on the level of geography. Thailand, Hawaii, or maybe California aside, there could have been some thinking about the functional and moral level to which American power would fall, to be rebuilt according to which criteria. But if there is any other word than nihilism to define the current agitation, adolescent or senile, of so many people, I don't know it.

THE PRESIDENT said that it is time to take a fresh look at the right to dissent. Respectfully, I don't think he need look too far. When there are justices in the Supreme Court who call even the most sacred of rights "absolute," it is obvious that the absolute right will lead to the absolute power of a mob first, and then of a tyrant. The one cure for the prevailing state of things is to take a cool look, as the President suggested. Eric Hoffer gave a good example of this in a TV interview when he offered a precious piece of advice to the President on how to deal with the intellectuals who have been his most assiduous torturers. "Pamper them, pet them," he said, "give them everything they want, but don't ever give them power."

That was a good piece of advice, coming from a man of rare wisdom. Among all virtues, wisdom is second only to charity.

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The Soviet Fleet In the Mediterranean

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

ONE NEED only glance out to sea from the shores of Crete or Malta, or the Alborán Islands near Gibraltar, or the ancient Libyan port of Sirte, to realize that the million-square-mile body of water lying between Europe and Africa is no longer a western lake. The big gray warships riding at anchor on the horizon are as likely to be flying the Soviet as the American or British flag. The Russians, who have dreamed of moving into the Mediterranean since the eighteenth century, have done it at last.

Four years ago, there were no more than three or four Soviet naval vessels in these waters. Last January there were ten or twelve. Now there are at least forty-six, of the most advanced design. Among them are a fifteen-thousand-ton guided-missile cruiser with twelve six-inch guns, three other heavy guided-missile cruisers, five to seven missile-bearing destroyers of the 4,300-ton *Kynda* and smaller *Kotlin* class, ten conventional and two nuclear-powered submarines, twelve to fifteen modern supply ships serving as floating bases in protected anchorages, and amphibious landing craft similar to the American LSTs.

So far, the United States still has a fairly good edge over this new Soviet Mediterranean fleet. Though handicapped by having none of the short-range anti-shipping missiles with which the Russian warships are plentifully supplied, the U.S. Sixth Fleet patrols these same waters with sixty warships carrying 25,000 men and 1,500 combat-ready Marines, two giant aircraft carriers with a hundred planes each, an aircraft-carrying hunter-killer antisub warfare unit, and Polaris submarines, any of which could destroy Moscow with a single nuclear missile. Soviet ships may shadow our own from Tangier to the Bosporus, pick up our radio messages, dart across our bows in maneuvers, and watch our exercises from a distance of 150 yards or less. But they would certainly be no match for us if the Soviet Union and the United States should go to war tomorrow.

Yet the Kremlin needn't run that risk to make excellent use of its fleet, as is suggested by the recent sinking of the Israeli destroyer *Eilat*. The *Eilat* was the first ship of any flag to be sunk by a Soviet missile, the sea-to-sea Styx-type automatic homing missile with an unjammable infrared guidance system and so short a flight time that nothing in

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our Sixth Fleet could have intercepted it. Accurate to a degree that stunned western observers, the missiles were fired from a Russian-built warship, not by a Russian crew but by Russian-trained Egyptians; not in a direct Russo-American confrontation but in the aftermath of a local war, during a U.N. cease-fire endorsed by Russia—and less than a fortnight after a two-month visit to Egyptian ports by units of the Soviet fleet. Whether the firing was done with or without their consent, the Russians had in any case given this highly sophisticated weapon to a small, unreliable country; and through this surrogate of theirs, they were able to demonstrate their deadly naval striking power while ducking all responsibility. It was an interesting example of how they can operate in the vast realm of possibility between global war and peace.

The Wave of the Future

These are some of the considerations leading both NATO and the Pentagon to make a careful reappraisal of the whole Mediterranean situation now, and President Johnson to order the top-secret report on the subject by former Ambassador to Iran Julius Holmes. What disturbs the Atlantic allies is not just the Soviet naval presence there but the growing force and probable intent behind it. For the Russians, who have scarcely ventured onto the high seas since their inglorious naval defeat by the Japanese at Tsushima in 1905, have rapidly emerged as a formidable maritime nation, with the world's largest fleet of submarines (four hundred, twice the American total), second largest navy, and third largest merchant marine. Even in an age of intercontinental and space missiles, that means an appreciable shift in the balance of power between the Soviet Union and the United States. There are good grounds to believe that the Russians intend to shift it a great deal further before agreeing to any meaningful East-West détente.

Nothing else could explain the tremendous effort and expenditure that have gone into developing their maritime force. Starting practically from scratch within the last decade, the Soviets have built a powerful navy and made spectacular progress in learning how to use it. Constantly on the move from the Baltic, North, and Black Seas to the Mediterranean and Atlantic—where their patrols are doubling yearly—they are rapidly mastering the techniques of mobility. A hundred Soviet oceanographic ships are amassing knowledge of the world's ocean bottoms and currents, aided by the biggest submarine fleet in history. The same submarines, assisted by naval air reconnaissance and superbly equipped ELINTS (Electronic Intelligence Trawlers) in the Soviet merchant marine, are collecting precise information on western naval movements everywhere. Soviet marines are undergoing intensive amphibious-landing training, and the first two Soviet helicopter carriers are being built for their transport. By copying the U.S. Navy's supply-ship or "fleet train" system, furthermore, the Russians have finally solved the complex problem of maintaining warships at sea for months on end, eliminating (or at any rate drastically reducing) the need for naval bases abroad or frequent trips home.

Thus they are now, or soon will be, able to do more or less what we have been doing with our navy for years and Great Britain did before us. They can, in short, use this flexible and mobile force to break out of normal geopolitical bounds—where the range of effective political penetration is largely limited by the range of the army that must be available to back it up—and so become an authentic world power.

VIETNAM is a striking example of this: the United States could not be waging war there without its navy. But Cuba makes the point more neatly. It was in the 1962 Cuban crisis, when our naval quarantine forced the Russians to pull out the missiles they had managed to install thousands of miles from their homeland, that they learned what a few destroyers lined up in a row can do.

The lesson was apparently instructive enough to speed the present Soviet naval force into being. Eight months after Khrushchev climbed down over Cuba, the chief of the Soviet Navy, Admiral Sergey Gorshkov, announced plans for a sharply accelerated buildup of the force that had been in the making since the late 1950's. "In the past," he said, "our ships and naval air force had operated especially near our shores, in close co-ordination with our land forces. Now we must be prepared, through broad offensive operations, to strike against the imperialists' sea and land objectives in any part of the high seas and adjacent territories." For a starter, Moscow could hardly have picked a better place than the Mediterranean.

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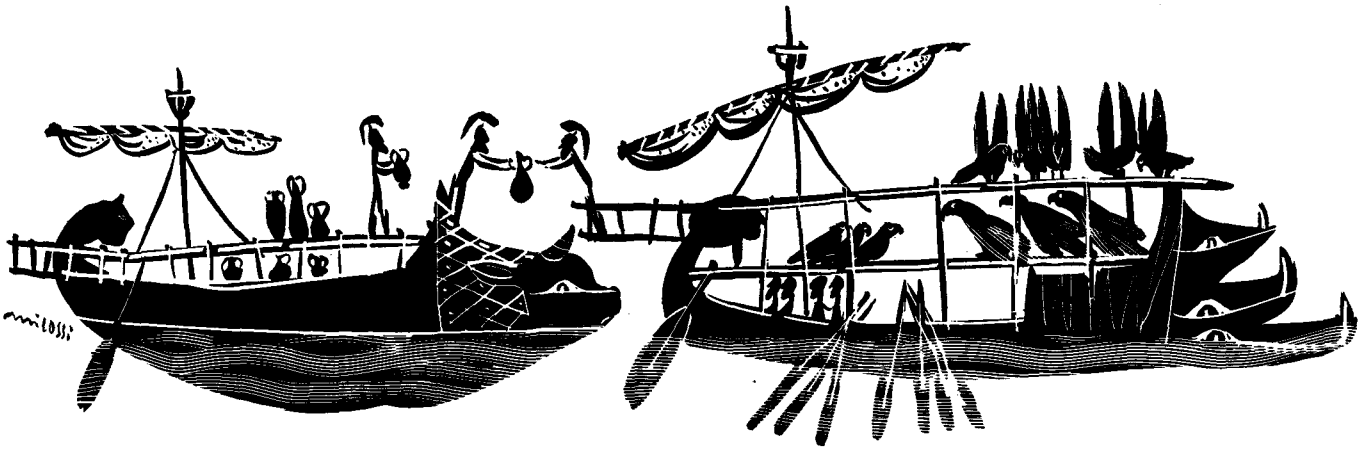

row passageways at Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, and Suez, the Mediterranean is an inland sea, the control of which is a matter of almost neurotic concern to its assorted littoral states. Many of them, including the three countries forming NATO's southern flank (Italy, Greece, and Turkey), have far longer coastlines than land frontiers, leaving them peculiarly vulnerable to naval attack. Nearly all depend on the 2,600 merchant ships plying this sea lane on any given day—four out of five carrying allied cargoes—for the overwhelming portion of their commerce. None is strong enough to defend its vital interests without help from one or another of the big powers. Most are poor, and several so notoriously unstable that they are easy marks for gunboat diplomacy. The Mediterranean's strategic importance therefore involves something much bigger than the flow of Middle Eastern oil westward. Whoever controls this waterway holds enormous military, economic, political, and diplomatic leverage on the countries around it, inevitably affecting a sizable hinterland in Africa, the Middle East, and Europe as well.

There used to be no doubt about who controlled it. Turkey held the eastern gate at the Dardanelles, Britain held the western gate at Gibraltar, and the U.S. Sixth Fleet, along with the Royal Navy, had the free run of the waters between. But it has been clear since the 1956 Suez War that NATO could not expect indefinitely to "maintain command of this sea for the Allies," a cardinal point in its strategy. Nasser's nationalization and closing of the Suez Canal and Moscow's simultaneous debut in Middle Eastern politics made the first breach. It was bound to widen until the Soviet presence was firmly established in the Mediterranean, thus marking, as Ambassador to NATO Harlan Cleveland observes, "not the end of the world, but the end of an era."

> "There is no justification whatever for the constant presence of the U.S. fleet in waters washing the shores of Southern Europe. One would like to ask: What are the grounds, twenty years after the end of World War II, for the U.S. Sixth Fleet to cruise the Mediterranean and to use military bases, ports, and supply bases in a number of Mediterranean countries? This poses a serious threat to the independence of all coastal countries. The time has come to demand the complete withdrawal of the U.S. Sixth Fleet from the Mediterranean."
>
> *—Leonid Brezhnev, at the Conference of Communist and Workers' Parties of Europe, Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia, April 24.*

A Base in Algeria

The new era opens with impressive changes. Turkey, once the most truculent of anti-Russian countries, is on the friendliest of terms with its big northern neighbor now and wants to keep it that way. All the eastern Mediterranean states below Turkey, excepting Israel, have either fallen under Soviet sway or are too intimidated at present to act as if they haven't. Not one of the North African states, whatever its private inclinations, is self-assured enough to withstand Middle Eastern Arab pressure in a crisis, as they proved during the Six Day War last June; and nearly all have barred the Sixth Fleet from their ports since that war. Three littoral states (Syria, Egypt, and Algeria) have become entirely dependent on Soviet military equipment, having together received more of it in this past year than North Vietnam did. Turkish control over the Dardanelles has become all but meaningless in peacetime, now that Russia is making the fullest possible use of its right under the Montreux Convention to send warships through the Straits merely by giving Turkey advance notice. British control over Gibraltar is no longer unchallenged, Spain for one having challenged it; and, far more significantly, Gibraltar too would become less important if the Soviet Navy acquired the privileges it is reportedly seeking in Algeria's westernmost port of Mers-el-Kebir.

Just what are the Russians after in Mers-el-Kebir? The French, who built this ultramodern naval base, will be leaving it in six months. But despite urgent American requests, President de Gaulle has refused to ask Algerian President Houari Boumedienne for a guarantee that it will not be turned over to Russia after the French depart. The Russians, who recently sent a group of naval officers to inspect the base with French permission, do not really need formal base rights for normal fleet operations, here or anywhere. The fleet is already self-sustaining and can also call at will in Algerian, Syrian, or Egyptian ports to rest, refuel or take on fresh food supplies, and possibly undergo repairs. The Rus-

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sians may covet this base simply to boost their fleet's prestige at the expense of ours, supposedly the reason for President de Gaulle's attitude. Or they may want it for good old-fashioned motives: as a permanent station commanding the waters near the western gateway of Gibraltar. Or they may have something more sinister in mind.

According to a fairly authoritative news story that NATO spokesmen refuse to confirm or deny, Soviet wide-hulled freighters of the kind used for missile deliveries to Cuba went to Algeria in October and, under tight security conditions, unloaded ninety-foot ballistic missiles. Western intelligence sources may indeed not know whether the story is true or, if so, whether the missiles were of the offensive land-to-land or more defensive surface-to-air variety. Some of our allies, especially on NATO's southern flank, would give a lot to find out.

THE POSSIBILITY of an offensive missile base on the southwest shores of the Mediterranean—nearly two thousand miles from their territory—is an extreme example of what the Russians, released at last from their old geopolitical confines, may be contemplating. In an area as impressionable as this, however, they have a wide choice besides: good-will visits and a show of the flag in calm political weather; a timely appearance of those big gray warships in tense moments; or active intervention in the worst of what Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara calls "crisis management" situations, either by sending in their marines or getting in the way of ours. In 1958, for instance, our Sixth Fleet could land Marines in Lebanon at the request of its embattled pro-western government without the slightest prospect of Russian interference. We might prefer not to risk that today, particularly if Soviet warships should happen to get there first.

Since every politician around the Mediterranean is aware of this situation, we are already losing valuable ground. Our Sixth Fleet can hardly be a credible political deterrent—one of its major functions—without a pervasive belief that it will be used if necessary. Several régimes friendly to us, or at least unfriendly to Nasser and/or the Soviets, have been counting on that pervasive belief for quite a while. Others, equally fragile but no friends of ours, can take fresh heart. Much will depend, then, on whether we prove our resolution or fall into a Hamletic quandary in the next couple of years.

There will be no lack of emergencies for the test. In Libya, the death of the octogenarian King Idris would leave his country helplessly exposed to Nasserite subversion. In Morocco, facing Gibraltar, pro-western King Hassan is not only under perennial fire from the Left but may also be caught up before long in a second border war with Algeria, which has recently built five new airfields along his frontier and has twelve times as much military equipment as he does. In Algeria itself, Russia's most advanced African outpost, President Boumedienne is in no less a precarious position than his predecessor, Ahmed Ben Bella, whom he deposed two years ago; and nobody knows which way a man who deposes *him* might lean. Even tiny Malta, Britain's naval bastion in the Mediterranean's dead center for 160 years, may be heading for a crisis requiring "management." Since Britain decided to economize by closing down its naval base there, Malta's 320,000 inhabitants are facing calamitous unemployment that could eventually shake a stalwart western-minded government from power. A vacuum would then be waiting to be filled; and even though NATO's naval commanders may no longer really want or need this island fifty-eight miles off Sicily, they assuredly don't want the Soviet fleet to have it.

This is not to mention the Middle East, where Moscow's capacity for political blackmail has been curtailed repeatedly by its incapacity to send, or threaten to send, troops. Soviet warships in the Syrian port of Latakia, or Egypt's Port Said and Alexandria, obviously could not redress that altogether. Nevertheless their prolonged presence in Egyptian ports before the *Eilat's* sinking was a taste of things to come; and when they steamed back into port directly after Israel's retaliatory bombing of Egypt's oil refineries, the Egyptians praised Allah.

The Reluctant Ones

It is too early to say how much more the Soviet fleet may ultimately be called upon to do. The feeling in NATO headquarters, however, is that Russia is getting ready to play a nasty game of brinksmanship in this part of the world. For all the comforting talk about détente in some Western European circles, the Mediterranean situation belies it.

That is supposedly the gist of Ambassador Julius Holmes's 150-page

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secret report to President Johnson, said to contain some thirty proposals for reinforcing the régimes that look to us for protection and for stiffening our general posture in the area. No doubt the report will need months of study. There are extremely delicate decisions to be made, and they are not all ours to make.

Realizing that the Atlantic allies are gradually being outflanked by the Soviet Union in North Africa and the Levant, many top NATO officials agree with Secretary-General Manlio Brosio that this "unparalleled deterioration of Western Europe's strategic position," as the influential *Christ und Welt* of West Germany calls it, must be faced and the process checked where possible. But several NATO countries are markedly reluctant to admit this or even talk about it. Not surprisingly, France is one and Italy another.

While France dismisses the idea that the Soviet presence in the Mediterrean is a menace, Italy knows only too well how menacing it could be. For strategically, this long, slender peninsula thrusting from NATO's southern rim deep into the Mediterranean would be a pearl beyond price for the Russians; and if still remote, it is no longer hopelessly out of their reach. Though the Italian land frontiers are shielded by NATO and the coastline by the U.S. Sixth Fleet, Italy could never feel entirely safe in a hostile sea. Every change pointing in that direction not only adds to its anxiety but accentuates an already perceptible difference of opinion among Italians: whether to put all their trust in the Atlantic Alliance, as they have for twenty years, or to keep an option open against the day when the balance of power might tilt more decisively in Moscow's favor.

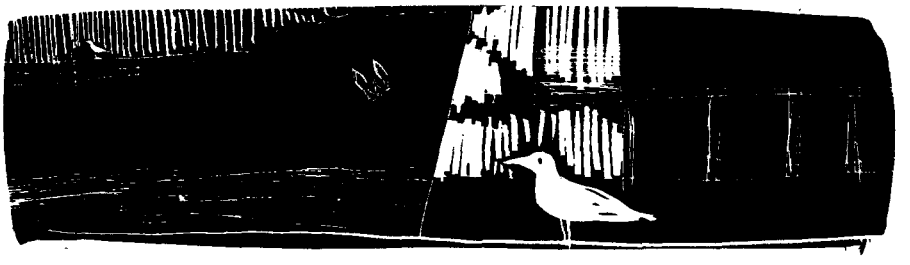
Despite the Italian government's strong pro-Atlantic policy, Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani is the foremost advocate of this second course, and has pursued it as far as he can by covertly courting Russia's Arab protégés and dragging his feet in NATO councils. His motives, though partly justified by Italy's heavy financial stakes in the Middle East, are not altogether disinterested. Able and ambitious, he has long hoped to become not just Premier again, but the kind of Premier whose tenure would transform a government into a régime. Since he has made too many enemies for that in the present Center-Left coalition, he could succeed only with a new coalition going from the left wing of the Christian Democratic Party to the Communist Party. This prospect would still shock a majority of Italians, but the edge of their resistance might eventually be worn off by two recent developments of pivotal importance in Italian politics: the discovery by giants of industry such as Fiat, Pirelli, Montecatini, Olivetti, and the state-owned oil company, ENI, that they can do extraordinarily profitable business with Russia; and the neutralist tendencies exhibited in some high Catholic circles since *Pacem in Terris*.

With political circumstances so altered and Fanfani running the Foreign Ministry, it is conceivable that Italy will gradually be prodded into moving toward the outermost periphery of the Atlantic Alliance, if not actually to full neutrality. The thought must at any rate have occurred to the Russians and Americans both, since Italy has of late been upgraded considerably in importance by the Soviet Foreign Ministry and our State Department.

Whether or not it is symptomatic, it is a fact that the Italian mission to NATO has been shying nervously at all proposals to strengthen NATO's Mediterranean position. In one of these, Italy's contribution could be unusually valuable. At the moment, our Sixth Fleet is alone in confronting the Soviet naval force. While NATO has a Mediterranean naval commander, he ordinarily has no ships to command, our own being available on call but not attached to NATO. The British, whose withdrawal from East of Suez apparently applies West of Suez also, have nothing left in these waters except a few minesweepers. The Greek and Turkish navies are too busy watching each other around Cyprus to spare time for extra duty. Italy, on the other hand, has a fair-sized modern navy doing nothing much beyond patrolling its coasts. Our Sixth Fleet commanders would be delighted if—along with other ships we would like our allies to send—a few of those warships would come to keep us company.

Because Premier Aldo Moro and President Giuseppe Saragat are so unequivocally committed to NATO, whatever the equivocations of Fanfani, the Italian government may agree to send some ships after next spring's national election. Even so, a multinational naval patrol would certainly not end the allied worries, and at this stage there is no telling what else might help. We may guess, but cannot be sure, that Russia will run into trouble with its Arab protégés: not all of them are happy to be so dependent on Moscow, and they are expensive besides. If that is not enough to check the Soviet stride, the pooled resources of Western Europe and the United States might do it, provided there is a will to pool them.

It is evident at NATO headquarters in Brussels that not much has gone on in the way of pooling so far. Some missions are still convinced that the Soviet Union is eager for an early and general East-West settlement, and that its naval display in the Mediterranean is merely a tactical maneuver. Others fear that, by recognizing Russia's possibly very different intentions—not to speak of doing something about it—they may alarm and discourage their countrymen. Still others maintain that nothing could be better than the brutal truth to provoke the allies into pulling their socks up. That has happened on several previous occasions. Perhaps it will happen again.



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THUS SPAKE LEONID BREZHNEV

With the birth of the Soviet state, the struggle between the working class and the imperialist bourgeoisie took on a new character. Its main pivot was the struggle between two diametrically opposed socio-economic systems. The watershed became clearly defined: on one side were rallied all the forces of the old world, of reaction, social and national oppression; on the other the forces of socialism, democracy, and progress. At that time the old world dominated over five-sixths of the territory of our planet. It was incomparably stronger economically and had great military superiority. But the revolutionary era, combined with the fact that there were obsolete regimes, also overcomes the traditional concepts of strength. On the side of the new world were the laws of social development, the revolutionary energy of the masses, the most advanced ideas of our time. And even in those days, when socialism was represented by one country in the world, this gave it the strength to withstand and then to go over to the historic offensive. . . .

From the entire experience of the class struggle, Communists of all countries draw the conclusion that the most important basis for the solution of the difficult and varied problems that face us is the consolidation of the combat co-operation, the cohesion, and the active interaction of all the fraternal parties of the world. Only if it acts as a united international movement can world Communism reach its great aims. At the moment, a feeling of fellowship and the constant co-ordination of our activities on an international scale are important for us.

The building of socialism and Communism in the countries of the socialist community, the repulsion of the aggressive acts of imperialism, the defense of universal peace and the security of the peoples, the cohesion of the masses under the banners of democracy, national liberation, and socialism, the further improvement of the strategy and tactics of the revolutionary struggle against capitalism—these are the glorious problems that the world Communist movement is closing its ranks to solve. Proletarians of all countries, unite! This slogan, which rang the tocsin at the dawn of the revolutionary struggle of the working class, today calls us to the unification of all anti-imperialist forces.

The alliance with the National Liberation Movement, the alliance with anti-imperialist fighters throughout the world, is one of the important sources of our strength in the international arena. Marching in step and supporting each other, it is easier for us to achieve the solutions to many international problems, including the task of strengthening the peace.

In their struggle to prevent the threat of a new world war, our party and the Soviet government take into account the particular features of the present international situation. The war in Vietnam, the U.S. intervention in Laos, the events in the Near East, the reactionary coups organized by the imperialists in certain countries of Asia, Africa, Europe, and Latin America, the demands for the review of the borders in Europe and for access to nuclear weapons stubbornly put forward by the West German revanchists, and their absurd and impudent claims in speaking, as they say, for the whole of Germany—all this shows that imperialism has not changed its aggressive nature. It remains the embodiment of the worst kind of reaction, bloody violence, and aggression; a serious threat to the peace and security of all peoples. . . .

The crimes of the U.S. military in Vietnam bring to memory the sinister deeds of the fascist monsters. Murder of tens of thousands of peaceful residents, methodical destruction of towns and villages, turning of schools and hospitals into ruins, the destruction of crops—these are the marks of the shameful, disgraceful road of the U.S. interventionists on Vietnam soil. But the ravishers and murderers, clad in the toga of the so-called free world, did not succeed and will never succeed in forcing the Vietnamese people to its knees.

They did not succeed and will never succeed in intimidating the fighters for freedom and independence. The peoples of the world, including millions of Americans, brand with shame the bloodthirsty aggression against Vietnam. The intervention in Vietnam is increasingly undermining the international prestige of the United States itself. . . .

The struggle of the Soviet country for peace and friendship between peoples has completely shattered the false legend about the aggressiveness of Moscow, about the Communist threat, a legend by means of which international reaction led by the imperialists of the United States of America, deceiving the peoples, knocked together its aggressive military blocs—NATO, SEATO, and the like. In setting up these blocs it hoped to encircle us and to prevent the strengthening of the world socialist system and the development of the national liberation revolution of oppressed peoples.

In fact it has not turned out at all in the way that was calculated in Washington and in the other capitals of the capitalist world. The position of socialism and its allies is steadily growing stronger. The aggressive forces of imperialism have ended up in a position of growing isolation. The blocs set up by them are shaking loose and are clearly showing cracks. The peoples and even some governments of the bourgeois countries are more and more clearly displaying the desire to free themselves from the course that has been imposed on them, and to disassociate themselves from the dangerous adventurist policy of the organizers and bosses of the imperialist blocs. In all this there is undoubtedly felt the influence of the principled and consistently peace-loving foreign policy of the Soviet state. . . .

Comrades, the banner of socialism raised by the October [Revolution] today flies over the world as a symbol of the future of mankind. The CPSU and the whole of the Soviet people are firmly convinced that the successes of the first fifty years of the Soviet state and the successes achieved during this period by all detachments of the world revolutionary movement are prologue to a still more wonderful future both for our country and for the peoples in other countries. Communism is the "morrow of mankind." Before the working people of the whole world, the party of Lenin solemnly declares: Communists of the Soviet Union and the great Soviet people shall fulfill their historic mission of successfully building the first Communist society in the world.

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Devaluing the Pound —and Labour

GEORGE BAILEY

LONDON

THE DEVALUATION of the British pound was all the more painful for the fact that it had long and clearly been foreseen. The only plea for extenuation the government sheepishly made public was that the reduction in value by 14.3 per cent was ultimately attributable to the international monetary community.

In a series of conferences beginning in mid-November with the regular session of the Bank for International Settlements at Basle, continuing with the OECD meeting in Paris, and ending there with the consultations of the "Group of Ten" (representatives of ten highly industrialized nations), the international monetary community reportedly refused to grant a billion-dollar loan to Britain without attaching conditions of international surveillance and internal auditing.

The reason for these strictures was the consistently disappointing performance of the British economy, specifically the chronic deficit in the visible trade balance, averaging more than $1.5 billion a year in the last decade. Very much to the point, the latest round in the periodic search for new means of shoring up the British economy coincided with the need for credits to repay a previous loan from the International Monetary Fund. That loan had been negotiated by the Labour government at the end of 1964 when it assumed power and upon its assurance that the loan could make the British economy solvent. But the International Monetary Fund, by the terms of its charter, provides a progressively conditional source of liquidity for its members. To the purported surprise of the Labour government, in mid-November there developed on Labour back-benches a strong opposition to loans attached with what were called "conditions of such unprecedented severity."

More suprisingly on the face of it, there developed a strong urge to violate the great taboo of British politics against devaluation, to commit the country to a course that had been denounced in the most categorical terms on no less than twenty public occasions in the last three years by various Labour leaders, particularly by the Prime Minister himself. The ostensibly sudden urge to devaluate proved to be so strong that both Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan and Prime Minister Wilson were swept into a kind of progressive acceptance even as they continued their protestations that they would *never* accept —a process that began long before the sessions in Basle and Paris and lasted long enough to set the stage for rampant speculation on money marts throughout the world. Estimates of what was lost through speculation on the last two days of the eight-day devaluation procedure vary from $300 million to $1.3 billion.

While devaluation was still up in the air, Labourites and Conservatives alike privately excoriated the machinations of President de Gaulle, who, all were agreed, had attacked the pound sterling chiefly because it was the first line of defense of the dollar, his avowed main target. But these were accusations that could not be voiced while British petitioners were canvassing European capitals. Instead they concentrated on extraneous circumstances to bolster their assurances (for the fourth time in three years) that a balance-of-payments surplus was just around the corner.

The circumstances they cited were the steady rise of world interest rates throughout the fall; the Arab-Israeli war, which closed the Suez Canal and forced up transport charges for British imports from East of Suez and antagonized Arab oil sheikhs into withdrawing their holdings from British banks by the tens of millions of pounds. There was also a general slump in international trade, they pointed out. But despite these arguments, one of the elements that loomed largest in the minds of the international bankers and convinced them that strictures must be applied was a record $300-million deficit in the balance of payments for October. This new record was the direct result of a dock strike, then entering its eighth week.

Impotence . . .

The London dock strike, in fact, gives a telling insight into the most virulent of the chronic ailments of the British body politic. It was "unofficial"—that is, it was one of the wildcat strikes called expressly against the orders, directives, and instructions of the unions by "unofficial liaison committees" whose chairmen are usually Communists. In the case of the dock strike the chairman concerned was Jack Dash, a Communist

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whose name and methods have provided Britain with a new term for an old disease: Dashism. Over the past sixteen years, more than ninety per cent of the strikes and slowdowns that have helped make Britain's increase in rate of productivity by far the lowest in Europe were due to Dashism. Of the 4,681 workers in London's royal group of docks, only about six hundred had returned to work at the end of eight weeks. Even these were so intimidated that they requested employers not to assign them to any of the seventeen ships in the docks.

The dockers' and seamen's unions are the nerve centers of Britain's export trade. In a masterpiece of selective concentration, they have been thoroughly infiltrated by Britain's small and electorally impotent Communist Party. I asked a leading member of the Labour government why, since the matter was so crucial, the army was not sent in to move the goods—long contracted for and months overdue—into the ships. The gist of his answer was that this was something a Labour government would be extremely loath to do because such a move would run the risk of exacerbating controversy between the government and the Trades Union Congress (TUC) to the extent of bringing on a general strike —and this was a prospect no Labour government could face. Rather than risk such a catastrophe, the government tried to win the dockers' loyalties away from Dash through coordinated action with the unions—an agonizingly slow process that (according to the official explanation of the background of the October deficit) had already set Britain's economy back some $300 million in the form of goods not delivered and cost it an incalculable loss of good will on the part of disappointed customers, many of whom had ordered the goods accumulated on the docks for Christmas delivery.

. . . and Paradox

Why can't the unions themselves enforce discipline on their members? The lack of such discipline is the main immediate reason why the performance of the British economy does not match its capacity, and still less develops its potential. The root cause of the unions' impotence is the very identification of the Labour Party with the labor movement: the unions make up the bulk of the Labour Party's paying membership. At the heart of the TUC's inability to cope with its dissident membership is the fact that the British labor movement has been traditionally and violently opposed to management "at all points," as the phrase has it. Thus, whenever the Labour Party takes over the government, the TUC is faced with a situation in which permanent labor representatives themselves become "top management"—and hence the formal enemy of the workers whom they were elected to represent. This is the essential dilemma: Labourites must try, as the *Times* has put it, "to steer a wholly untenable course between satisfying their Labour Party followers and the demands of economic solvency." In short, in a basic sense, the party splits whenever it comes to power.

This situation accounts for the succession of flatly contradictory measures that have been put through. It explains why the number of government employees has increased by forty thousand in the three years of Labour's tenure, giving Britain by far the highest incidence of supervisory personnel in the western world. As one observer put it, "Half the population is watching the other half and neither is doing anything." It accounts for the hesitancy of the government to "side" with management against the labor force. It is why the government failed to impose economic restraints quickly enough in 1964 and 1965 to give its National Plan a chance of working, and why it was then forced to act too severely in 1966 with the wage freeze—thus effectively blocking the incentive of the workers after having already blocked the incentive of management with a confiscatory tax structure over the £5,000-a-year salary level. The government maneuvered itself into a position where it was forced to sacrifice planned growth in order to defend the sterling exchange rate—in the end only to be forced to sacrifice the sterling exchange rate in the hopes of achieving planned growth.

In a Sieve They Sailed Away

The doctrinaire core of the party has not been alone in its progressive obstructionism. Nowhere is there a more curious confluence of opposite political extremes than that in Britain between right-wing Conservatives and the left-wing Labourites. A striking example was the fiery opposition to Britain's entry into the Common Market as epitomized both in the Beaverbrook Press and in the socialist weekly *Tribune* edited by leftist ideologue Michael Foot. Each group was convinced that the Commonwealth was highly preferable to Europe as a source of economic advantages—the arch-Tories because they hoped to preserve Britain's world position within the context of a latter-day "empire," the left-wing Labourites because they feared that any surrender of sovereignty to Europe would frustrate the cherished dream of creating a consummate British welfare state—a vision of the New Jerusalem that has been denounced by Roy Jenkins, who succeeded Callaghan as Chancellor of the Exchequer eleven days after the devaluation, as "an isolationist contracting-out attitude to the world."

These disparate but complementary influences were enough to launch aid, trade, and investment policies—particularly in the newly independent countries of the Commonwealth —that were foiled at virtually every turn and at horrendous cost. The Commonwealth neither produced the requisite wealth in terms of deposits in British banks nor offered the markets that had been hoped for. Instead the "developing countries" proved to be bottomless pits into which billions of pounds in grants and developmental investment were poured. It was the debacle of British Commonwealth investment policy that finally prompted the belated about-face in the Labour Party's

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attitude toward British entry into the Common Market. And the right-wing Conservatives were almost equally successful in hamstringing the Macmillan government's negotiations to enter the Market.

It is the same meeting of minds from opposite social poles, an incongruous coalition of snobs and snubbed, that has written the unvarying epitaph for all Britain's economic experiments since the war: "Inertia Prevailed." Measured against the requirements of modern industrial society, these parallel rear-guard actions in defense of the class system and the outmoded trades unions have resulted in the perpetuation of two equally irrelevant "elites" at either end of the social scale and a mass of uninstructed incompetents in the middle. This involuntary conspiracy has preserved the redolent mustiness, the almost graceful sluggishness of the invincible English phlegm apostrophized and satirized by Gilbert and Sullivan. It has resulted in a national debility, the dimensions of which are difficult to appreciate because it is so rooted in the institutions of the country.

THE PLIGHT of British management, both in quality and quantity, is a direct result of the anachronistic state of British education and particularly of the university system. There are various reasons for this: the hangover cult of the amateur, the insistence in the ideal of the "whole man" and the consequent disdain of the specialist, the time-honored taboo against the parading of knowledge that has made neglect of its acquisition socially acceptable. The result is that Britain has steadily fallen further and further behind its chief international competitors in the preparation and training of both its labor and managerial forces. The United States, which has less than four times the population of Britain, has thirty-one times the number of students at general university level.

In terms of technological education the case is still worse. There is only one technical university in the country, begun as late as 1965, although several colleges of advanced technology are in the process of attaining university status. Moreover, the distrust of the specialist has thwarted the development of managerial talent just as low wages and lack of prospects have provided continuing causes of the "brain drain."

There is an instinctive distaste for intensive commercialism that has its roots in the national ethic. It was this basic Anglo-Saxon attitude that until lately resisted the establishment of business schools in Britain. In his book *Gold and World Power*, Dr. Sidney Rolfe quotes from a recent pamphlet by a leading young Conservative, David Howell. The question was why the majority of British firms have not accepted and adopted modern American production methods in the face of the "remarkable productivity increases" by the minority that have done so. "It is not," writes Howell, "just that the effort of it all—notably, the frustration of trying to soothe the fears and suspicions of labor leaders —has seemed too much of a deterrent. Beneath that lies the nagging doubt whether higher productivity and greater efficiency are the kind of goals after which decent people should be chasing anyway. Scratch an Englishman and you find underneath, not an anti-American perhaps, but certainly a man who feels that the American life is a materialist, ulcer-ridden hell. . . . In no quarter has it [this view] been advanced, developed and accepted more enthusiastically than in and around the British Labour Party."

THE inherent split in the Labour Party widened on the devaluation question within a week after the party assumed power in 1964. Since then the intraparty polarization on this issue has been constant and crippling. Nor did the final victory of the dissidents in this case portend the resolution of the party's or the nation's problem. "This devaluation," a Labour Party leader and prominent economist told me, "was a revolt against the disciplines required to achieve success within the old parity. It is basically a protest against the disciplines involved. It was explained that these disciplines were not achievable because we were pegged to a parity that made them unreasonable. But these are disciplines by deception. This is not an opting in—this is an opting out of the disciplines within the parity, and I mean any parity."

This outburst summed up the Labour Party's disarray and its prospects at present of seizing and exploiting the various technical advantages offered by devaluation. It is everywhere apparent that the government's relations with industrial leaders, particularly the Confederation of British Industry, are at an all-time low. If "labour" (meaning the unions, not the government) is in a mood to challenge employers and management "at all points," it is no longer evident. Today "labour" doesn't seem in a mood to challenge anybody at any point—except perhaps Rip Van Winkle.

The historical need for structural change has been complicated and compromised almost beyond recognition by the struggle between capitalism and socialism, a struggle that in Britain is peculiarly insidious and characteristically muddled. It has been rendered especially desperate by its emergence in the middle of an international battle royal. "Devaluation," said a French government spokesman, "is not the end of a downhill road for Britain's balance of payments, but the beginning of an acute crisis in the international monetary system."

Both major parties were convinced —the Conservatives long since, the Laborites belatedly—that Britain could not effectively restructure its economy until it had entered the Common Market; France has decreed that Britain cannot enter the Common Market until it has restructured its economy. The main point of unanimity in Britain now is that its chances of entering the Market in the foreseeable future are nil.

But the nation could not remain stolidly immobile after such a shock. The question is whether the shock of devaluation was great enough to rouse enough people to the point of taking action and then sustaining it. One day late in November, a docker's wife climbed onto Jack Dash's outdoor podium, slapped his face, and cursed him out. This was a small enough incident but it got maximum publicity. Five days later the dockers' strike collapsed.

There has been another positive contribution: the Labour Party has finally revealed itself for what it is —and done the state some service in so doing.

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Vietnam: The Need For a Loyal Opposition

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

MANY MAN-HOURS have been devoted to the study of the military strength of the National Liberation Front. From 1960 through 1966, the assessment rose sharply year by year from around five thousand to a maximum of about 285,000, the latter figures including approximately fifty-five thousand North Vietnamese. Since the intelligence services in the early years of the war were woefully inadequate (some twenty tons of captured documents were found to be unsorted and unclassified in 1965), the annual increases were in part illusory: though the Vietcong clearly grew very quickly, some of the apparent growth was attributable to improved intelligence and not to a dramatic rush to the Vietcong colors.

Captured battle orders and other documents have continued in the past two years to reveal many secrets. One of these is that throughout the war there has been a constancy in the ratio of North Vietnamese to Vietcong forces deployed in South Vietnam. This has led Sir Robert Thompson, a British counterinsurgency expert with long experience in Malaya and Vietnam, to conclude that there is an inevitable relationship between these two strengths. The insurgency, in his view, can support a maximum Northern presence of only about twenty per cent of its indigenous strength. Reduce the Vietcong, and the North Vietnamese forces in South Vietnam must either be withdrawn proportionately or left dangerously exposed.

On the basis of the three-level campaign of co-ordinated action by regulars, regionals, and guerrillas enunciated first by the late General Nguyen Chi Thanh and since approved by General Vo Nguyen Giap, Hanoi also subscribes to this view of the war. Moreover, the failure of the NLF to increase the number of its forces this year and the apparent leveling off of North Vietnamese forces in the South (but not in the neighboring sanctuaries) also lends credence to the Thompson theory that the Vietcong can support more Northern troops only by expanding, a task that now has proved beyond their competence against the weight of the American involvement. This is in itself a cause for modest celebration. We have passed through the period in which the growth of the Vietcong forces sometimes seemed to be a geometrical progression based perversely on the numbers of their troops killed in action.

That the dangers inherent in this situation are apparent to the NLF was reflected in the new united front platform de-emphasizing the role of the People's Revolutionary Party. Unless the NLF can widen the areas of its authority and support, and thereby provide growth potential for the Vietcong and its ability to support a larger influx of North Vietnamese forces, a protracted war must lead to the Communists' disadvantage.

Fundamentally, therefore, the problem is political rather than military. If the size of the Vietcong establishment determines the level of North Vietnamese forces that may safely be deployed in the South, then equally the Vietcong's battle order must depend on the size of the NLF's political base. "Ho Chi Minh values his two cadres [political agents] in every hamlet more highly than ten military divisions," says President Nguyen Van Thieu, with a keen understanding of what the war is all about.

Behind the Front

Until recent months, an accepted and seemingly acceptable figure for the number of Front cadres operating in South Vietnam was about thirty-five thousand. More recent information suggests that the real figure is about twice that size. However, the cadres and the armed Vietcong are only the bones and muscles of the Communist base: it is fleshed out by an army of civilian helpers whose strength must be largely a matter for conjecture. If the Malayan experience can be used as any sort of yardstick, the civilian support is liable to be at least ten times the size of the indigenous armed force. In Malaya at no time during the Communist insurrection were there more than ten thousand guerrillas under arms. They were supported by a *min yuen,* or civil support group, of at least a hundred thousand. These were people ready to take risks and to work actively for the struggle. If that proportion is anything like faithfully reflected in South Vietnam—and it is difficult to believe that the tempo of the Vietcong operations could have been maintained with less—then the Front may be reasonably said to command the support of some 2.5 million South Vietnamese. Allowing for a number of Front supporters in government-controlled areas, this rough estimate is not disputed by the latest computerized calculations issued by MAC-V in Saigon to the effect that

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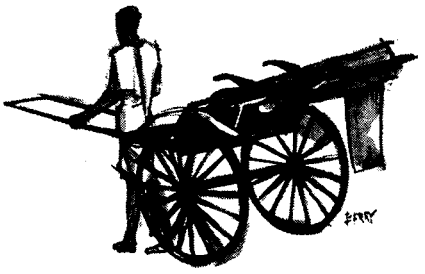
a sixth of the population of seventeen million now lives in areas under Front control and another sixth in disputed areas. But it does pose important political questions. If the Catholics, with strict voting discipline but only ten per cent of the population, could win twenty-seven out of the sixty seats in the Senate, how many seats could the Front win if something like twenty per cent of the population supports it?

Nothing seems less feasible than a genuinely free election in South Vietnam, open to all comers. It would not be a free election but a free-for-all. If such an election were possible, however, the combination of military and Catholic votes and voting discipline would be sufficient to prevent the Front from emerging as the dominant force, but until there is some coalescence among other groups opposed to the Front, it could scarcely fail to emerge as a highly significant minority.

Can Thieu and Ky Agree?

To erode the Front's political base by effective government and to bring together the disparate and divided loyal, or more or less loyal, opposition are tasks, therefore, that demand priority not merely for the present but for the future. Now, with a constitution drawn up largely by men elected for the task and with an elected President, Senate, and House of Representatives, the scene is set more effectively than ever before for what one hopes will be an appeal to the Vietnamese mind. It is, as Vietnamese and foreign critics are quick to point out, no more than a hope. Vietnam lacks any democratic tradition. Such political parties as there are began life as secret societies. Too often, the covert is preferred to the overt. In this environment the clandestine Communist movement fits comfortably enough, while the openness of the democratic system is still strange. Having endured for four years a government that lacked legitimacy and was responsible only to the inner council of military leaders, Vietnam now has not only acquired constitutional legitimacy but a bicameral legislature that may prove too sophisticated for its members and for the electorate. What follows is not an attempt to predict how it will work but a look at the political ingredients both within the government and in the ranks of the opposition, both parliamentary and nonparliamentary.

To begin with, post-election developments, though marred sometimes by ineptitude and the heavy hand of General Nguyen Ngoc Loan's police, have been smoother than many observers expected early in September when the principal opposition to the government seemed likely to



come from within the government itself. "This is the most serious political crisis we have seen since the fall of the Diem régime," said one of the most experienced western officials in the country when President Thieu and Vice President Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, having won the election, seemed set on a collision course. That the crisis passed without reaching a climax says much for the patience of Thieu, and his willingness, however temporary, to satisfy some of the ambitions of the constitutionally powerless Ky.

The new cabinet that Thieu announced on November 9 was nevertheless disappointing. With only thirty-five per cent of the popular vote, it seemed prudent, and very much in the national interest, for Thieu to bestow on his government an inferential majority support by including some of the civilians identified with the leading opposition tickets. However, some of the civilians declined to co-operate, and several who did offer their services were spurned. In fact, except within the context of the Thieu-Ky struggle for power, the cabinet is technical and not political at all. No one has a bad word to say personally about Premier Nguyen Van Loc, but, apart from his close association with Ky, he is politically negative and inexperienced. Since Thieu, as President, will preside over the Council of Ministers, Loc's appointment may prove only a sinecure.

This is not likely to be the case, however, in the transfer of Lieutenant-General Nguyen Bao Tri from the Ministry of Information to Pacification. Thieu and Tri differed bitterly last June when Ky was still a presidential candidate and Tri was using government funds to publicize his campaign. Tri's new appointment, embracing the control of the Revolutionary Development cadres, is, on the surface, an important consolidation of Ky's long-term position —so much so, in fact, that Saigon, which has no illusions about the state of relations between the President and the Vice President, is convinced that Thieu has formed the government on a caretaker basis and will reshuffle it to his liking when he has consolidated his power.

However that may be, the administrative inertia that earlier threatened to stultify the government appears to have been overcome. Incorruptible and hard-working General Nguyen Duc Thang is the right man in the right place in the drive against corruption. Under his direction, corrupt province and district chiefs and other officials are now under direct attack for malfeasance. Reflecting another important and encouraging development, the long-overdue reorganization of the armed forces is under way.

WHATEVER hopeful signs may be detected in the government's approach to its problems, the state of the opposition is far from encouraging. The Senate election, in particular, was remarkable for the reappearance in public life of former officials from the Diem era. Many are men of considerable talent and the country will be the better off for their return. What basis, if any, this may provide for party formation is still unclear, however. Many candidates used the slates on which they ran merely as vehicles in which to get to the Senate, and a fairly large number are likely to go their own independent ways. The almost sensational success of General Tran Van Don's peasant-worker-soldier Senate team encouraged its sponsors to go ahead with the attempt to create a national party, but its seventy-nine candidates for the House of Repre-

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sentatives succeeded in winning only five seats.

The collective result of all three elections is that neither on the government side nor in the ranks of the divided parliamentary opposition is there anything remotely resembling a democratic political party, or even any form of organization calculated to identify the government or its parliamentary opposition with either the urban or the peasant masses. Even the Catholics won on religious discipline and not on party organization, and their disparate members are also likely to follow disparate policies.

The Case of Dzu

It may, of course, be premature to expect sophisticated political development at this stage, and much is likely to depend on the law on political parties to be enacted by the new Congress. This law is a direct outgrowth of the new constitution. Article 13 states that every citizen has the right to vote, run for office, and participate in public affairs on an equal basis in accordance with conditions and procedures prescribed by law. Other constitutionally dictated pieces of legislation deal with press regulations, labor, minority groups, administration, and an independent judiciary. In these nation-building processes the political-parties law has high priority.

Thieu is publicly committed to help in the formation of an opposition party and presumably will also set about the formation of a government party. An organization may well be required to show evidence of a stipulated minimum membership embracing a stipulated minimum number of national branches before becoming eligible for government financial support. It will be difficult to define the hairline between what the government regards as legal and illegal political activity and to administer the law. For instance, the detention and subsequent house arrest of peace candidate Truong Dinh Dzu may or may not have been justified in existing circumstances, but its intention was to wreck the Front for the Defense of Democracy, out of which Dzu was attempting to create a national political party based on his own quite substantial organization and the frustrations of other defeated civilian candidates for the presidency.

Although he used Picasso's dove, a symbol also favored by Hanoi, as his political emblem, Dzu is an opportunist, not a Communist. If his reputation today is shady with the official American community, this was not always the case. Even the bad-check charge on which he was arrested after the election has associations that may merit examination. The future of the case, and Dzu's political future, will bear watching. All things considered, it will be surprising if we have heard the last of Dzu as a political force of some disruptive significance.

THIS IS TRUE, also, of the militant Buddhists led by Thich Tri Quang. The split in the Buddhist hierarchy that occurred after the end of the Struggle Movement in 1966 was skillfully organized by the government. Ever since, however, Tri Quang has been working to recover the control he lost to Thich Tam Chau. In this he has succeeded. Politically, as both the election results and Tri Quang's subsequent efforts to denigrate the new government revealed, his power remains less than in his heyday, but it is growing. In large part, however, his potential for trouble will be minimized if the Thieu-Ky *modus vivendi* is maintained. "The danger here is that if the military leaders break they will turn to the Tri Quangs and the Tam Chaus and we will go back to the bad old days when cabinet ministers and generals used to bargain with the Buddhists for support," said a leading Vietnamese official who is himself a Buddhist. By extension, this applies to the whole political scene. A Thieu-Ky split would wreck all the constitutional progress achieved so far. If, however, they do possess the qualities for compromise and leadership and Ky, in particular, is prepared to subordinate personal ambition to national needs, there is no reason why political progress of the sort needed to swing support away from the National Liberation Front should not be made. When and if that progress occurs, the Vietcong will wither on the vine and the North Vietnamese will invade the South only at their gravest peril.

Korea: Tenacity Pays Off

EMERSON CHAPIN

SEOUL

THE MILITARY JETS lining the runways at Kimpo International Airport, their operations sometimes interrupting the flow of commercial traffic, remind the new arrival that South Korea is a country still technically at war fourteen years after the uneasy armistice signed at Panmunjom. In the unquiet Demilitarized Zone little more than thirty miles across the stark mountains to the north, scarcely a day goes by without shooting incidents between North Koreans and troops of the United Nations Command as the Communist forces step up a campaign of harassment and troublemaking.

But a mantle of green is replacing the wartime barren brown of South Korea's rugged terrain, and the rice fields have yielded another good crop. Widened city highways, jutting apartment and factory buildings, busy workers in thousands of mud-floor workshops, the bustle of Seoul, a rapidly growing city of almost four million, all testify to the remarkable progress attained here in recent years. The country has begun to emerge as an example —and one relevant to our travail in Vietnam—of what can be accomplished through a combination of military security, enlightened assistance, and persistent hard work.

Behind the Gunfights

The arbitrary division of Korea along the 38th parallel in 1945 split

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the densely populated and largely agricultural South from the more industrialized North and made necessary the construction of an economic base from almost nothing. Three years of savage war inflicted such destruction and poverty that for years the chief effort of U.S. aid had to be directed toward sustaining human life. Only in the last few years has the massive U.S. economic assistance—$4.5 billion since 1953—built the base for the present economic upsurge. Despite this help, the burden of maintaining the world's fifth largest military force (612,000 men) in a small country of meager resources is heavy.

Both South Korean and U.S. officials here believe that one aim of the recently intensified military harassment and infiltration from North Korea is to create instability that would impede the South's economic progress and scare off potential foreign investors. In fact, U.S. military and diplomatic officials face something of a dilemma in trying to impress Washington with their military requirements—at a time when Vietnam has priorities—without giving rise to undue fears of strife and instability in Korea.

Communist military units during the last year have staged a series of blatant attacks on U.S. and South Korean military units south of the truce line. The most flagrant occurred in late August when infiltrators poured small-arms fire into a group of U.S. soldiers of a noncombat engineer unit waiting in a mess line a few miles from the armistice site at Panmunjom. By late that month eighty-two or more South Koreans and eighteen Americans had died in such attacks dating from the beginning of the harassment campaign in October, 1966.

The gunfights have been increasingly concentrated in the sector held by the somewhat understrength U.S. 2nd Division at the eastern end of the 155-mile-long Demilitarized Zone across the peninsula. Communist propaganda concurrently accuses U.S. "imperialists" of aggression and, in a newly noted trend, insists that all such incidents, irrefutable evidence to the contrary, are the work of South Korean patriots who are struggling for the overthrow of the "dictatorial" government of President Park Chung Hee.

The South Korean Central Intelligence Agency, which directs the anti-Communist campaign, has assembled impressive data showing that the North Koreans, in a new tactic, are assessing the possibilities for organizing a Vietnam-type guerrilla war in the South. Teams of trained agents, most of them officers, have been sent across the line or landed by fast boats along the coast to shelter in the mountains and test conditions for setting up guerrilla bases. Up to late August, 273 such agents had been captured or killed, compared with 107 in 1965 and 106 last year.

Most of these have been caught as a result of reports by villagers of encounters with suspicious strangers. The South Koreans' bitter war experiences have left many with an unremitting hatred of the Northern régime, and there is no possibility of the Communists' gaining, by persuasion or threat, the type of local support that the Vietcong have depended on. Nevertheless, Seoul believes that the enemy activity is yet another phase of the persisting effort by Pyongyang to achieve communization of the entire peninsula.

FOR A LONG TIME the North held a big economic lead and only a few years ago there was little doubt that many South Koreans, if given a choice, would have crossed the line to exchange the dubious blessings of the South's chaotic society for the regimentation but assured livelihood of the North. New evidence has accumulated that the North has suffered economic setbacks as the South has forged ahead. The Communist ruler, Premier Kim Il Sung, has packed the party organs with his own followers and carefully trod a path between the Moscow and Peking lines, seeking to safeguard the sources of assistance his régime badly needs. The South Koreans say he rejected a proposal by Mao Tse-tung that he open hostilities in Korea to divert pressure from Vietnam but agreed to step up harassment.

Meanwhile, the North's Seven-Year Plan, which was to have been completed this year, has been extended to 1970. There are signs of popular discontent and evidence that the industrial program is in difficulty. Nevertheless, the South Koreans say, the North is on a full war footing, with an elaborate system of underground fortifications along the Demilitarized Zone. The Communist régime has a strong and well-equipped army of 340,000 men, a small but effective naval force, and an air force of 20,000 men equipped with late-model MIG fighters and Soviet surface-to-air missiles.

Obviously, the harassment campaign also is intended to discourage South Korea from adding to the 46,000 troops it has sent to Vietnam. There are indications that it has had some success in promoting fears among those who remember the suffering of the last war here, but with a strong, entrenched force of 500,000 (including 50,000 U.S. troops) in the United Nations Command south of the Demilitarized Zone, outright hostilities are almost unthinkable and the work of economic and political reconstruction has not been seriously affected.

Planning and Growing

"We can do it" is the new theme of South Korean government spokesmen and businessmen, where only a few years ago the tone was despairing. The first Five-Year Plan, initiated by military men who were determined to save their deteriorating country from chaos but were new at government administration, started slowly, faltered, and then in the last four years began to gain momentum. At its conclusion last year, agricultural production had risen thirty-seven per cent, exports had risen from $55 million to $250 million, and the gross national product had expanded at an average rate of 8.5 per cent a year. The rate of expansion is dramatized by the fact that the 1968 budget of 221 billion won (about $817 million) will be a third larger than this year's. Only about ten per cent of this increase can be laid to inflation.

The second Five-Year Plan, inaugurated this year, is designed to push ahead with economic growth, double manufacturing output, and substantially raise the standard of living, which is still necessarily low on a per capita income of only $114. Moreover, the government, with U.S. encouragement, confidently expects to cut the time for this program to

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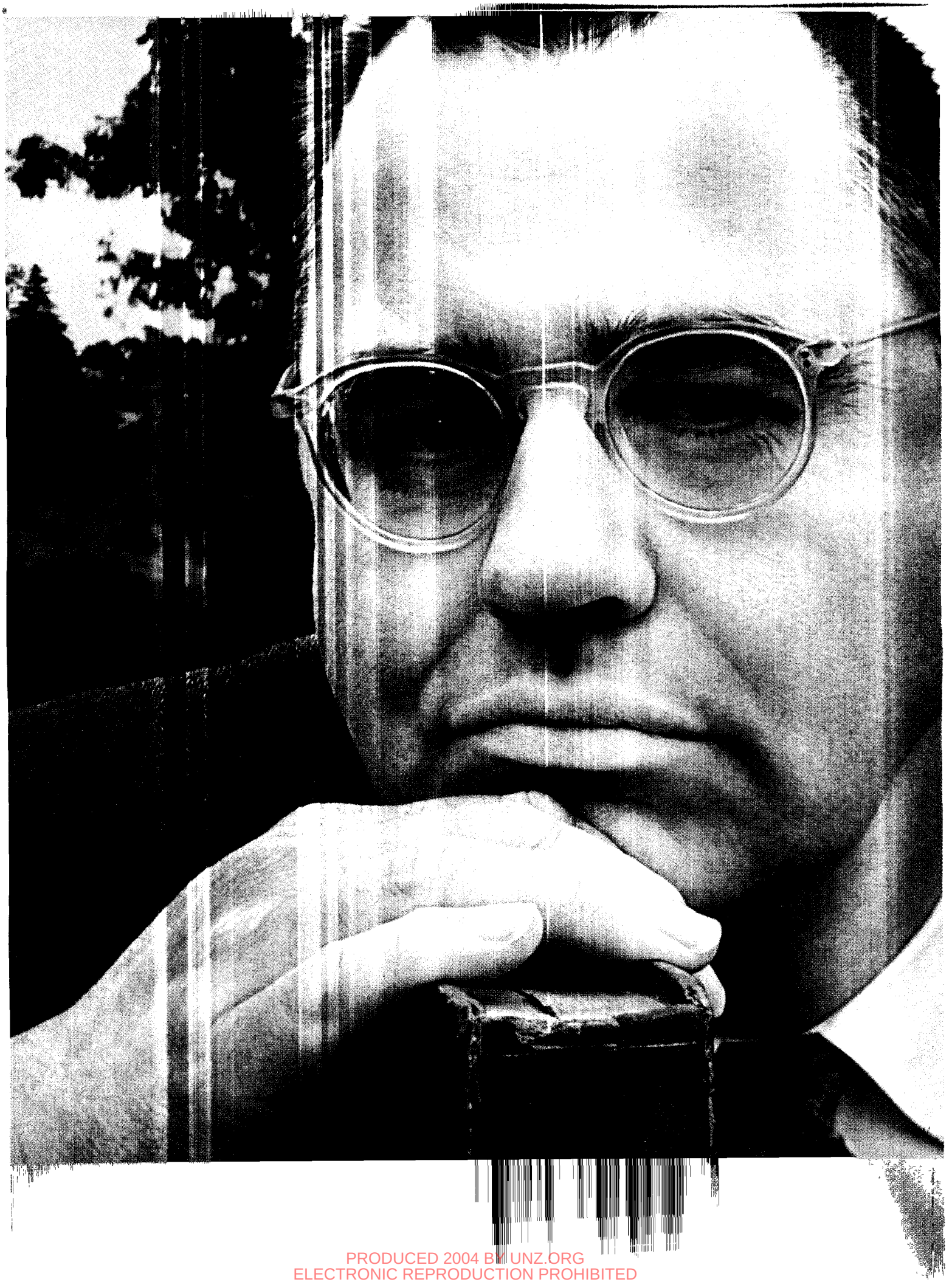

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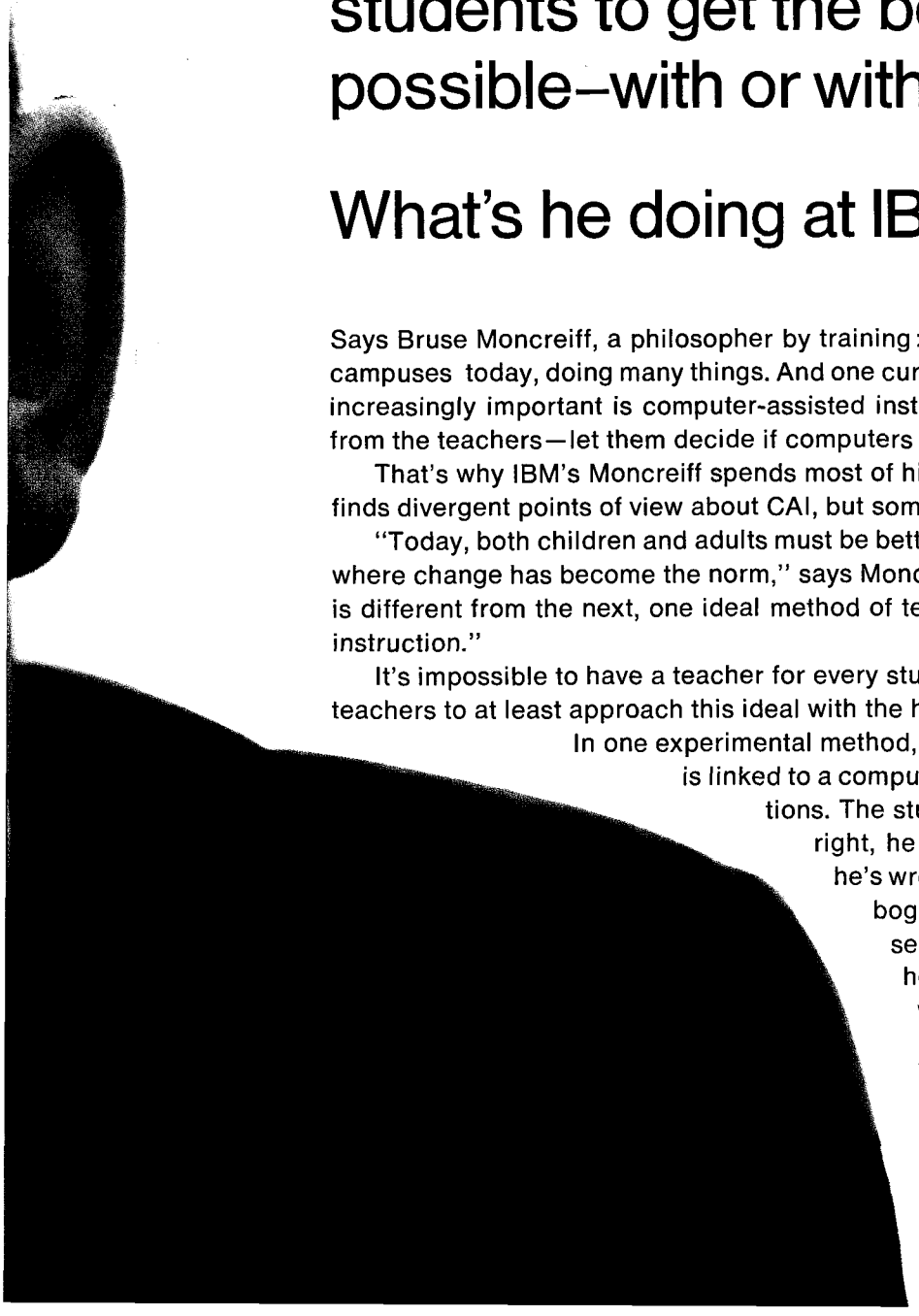
This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible–with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?



Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff. "Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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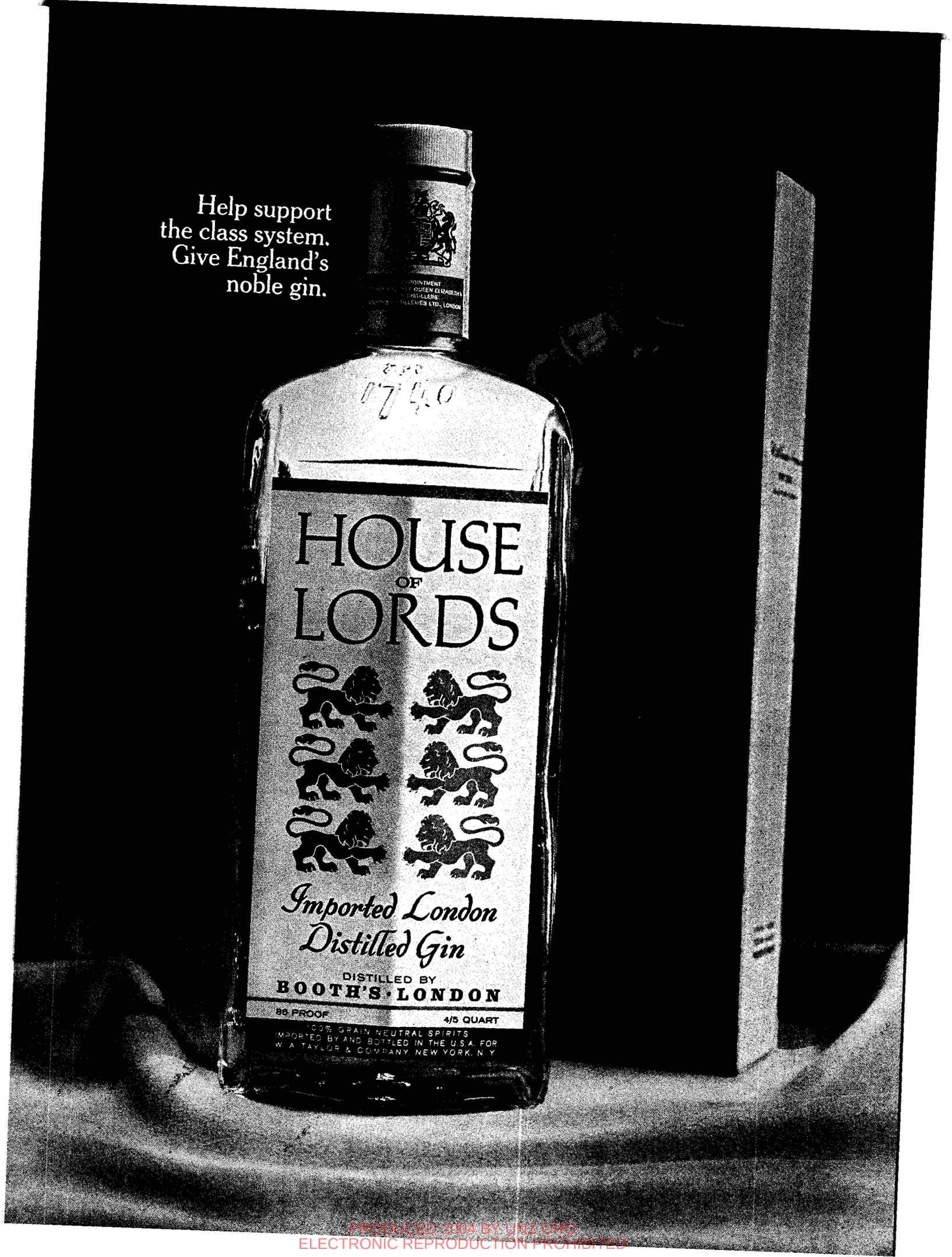

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three and a half years. "Everything is geared to this," I was told by Chang Key-young, who as Deputy Premier and Economic Planning Minister had prodded and molded the Korean boom for three years before leaving the post in October.

Fulfillment of the program will mean that Koreans will be better fed, clothed, and housed, with a per capita income of $200 a year. For the nation, it will mean a long step toward self-sufficiency. Dependence on aid grants from the United States, which accounted for 36.7 per cent of the South Korean budget in 1964 and 16.5 per cent this year, will be ended, although the flow of foreign loans will continue to be important. Agricultural officials predict that the country will be able to provide its own food needs by 1971.

South Korea has twenty-nine million people crowded into a largely mountainous area slightly smaller than Virginia. Its still high birth-rate of twenty-seven per thousand, which until a few years ago largely offset the slow economic growth, is beginning to respond to a strong government-supported birth-control program that is symptomatic of the emergence in South Korea of long-range planning. Extensive regional programs have been worked out with the help of U.S. advisers, and in every mud-hut village and provincial center—along with ubiquitous pictures of President Park, the stern general who headed the military coup in 1961—signs and posters detail accomplishments and chart goals.

FINANCIAL distortions arising from Korea's long isolation are being adjusted. As Deputy Premier, Chang Key-young stressed the need to impose taxes equitably and to "build a sense of responsibility among the people to meet their tax obligations." Chang, who whimsically described himself as "the fertilizer" nurturing the economic growth, ticked off to me a long list of other reforms: the transfer to private operation of some large government corporations, such as the power, mining, shipbuilding, and steel industries, so as to expand the private sector; a substantial liberalization of imports, both to serve the consumer and to spur Korean industry to become more competitive in price and quality; the beginnings of greatly needed social-welfare programs; improvement of salaries for civil servants, a step that should help remove the basis for corruption; promotion of co-operatives and rural industry; and imposition of measures to curb costly land speculation. "There may still be much bitter medicine for the public to swallow," Chang told me, "but often the more bitter the pill, the better the results."

The relative political calm since the military junta converted itself in 1963 into an elected civilian régime—though it maintains itself on occasion by harsh methods—has provided the climate in which Korea's restless energy could be directed toward constructive goals. The cabinet, headed by Premier Chung Il-kwon, the deceptively affable general who commanded all South Korean forces in the bitterest

days of the war, has been in office about three and a half years, thereby setting some kind of record. Though there has been a gradual attrition of members, the lengthened tenure of ministers has greatly enhanced administrative efficiency. Businessmen have been able to look more confidently into the future with inflation checked and the threat of internal violence and revolution removed.

Although U.S. development loans continue to play a large role in Korea's economic expansion, the country recently has begun to attract numbers of private foreign investors, who are impressed by the possibilities for profit and particularly by the supply of diligent labor at wage levels below those of neighboring lands. Last March a private U.S. trade mission led by George W. Ball, former Under Secretary of State, cited not only "the large, industrious, and educable supply of labor" but also the Korean investment law, which welcomes one hundred per cent foreign ownership and permits repatriation of capital and profits.

In contrast, political progress has been sporadic and often painful since the military junta seized power in 1961. Though General Park cemented his position as elected President last May with a second-term victory, the National Assembly election in June was a setback for democracy. Overzealous Democratic Republican Party followers and government henchmen resorted to extreme "irregularities," and the party got a bigger victory that it wanted or deserved. It now holds 114 out of 175 seats in the single-chamber Assembly. The government barred all left-of-Center political activity, intimidated opposition candidates, invalidated countless ballots, and arrested poll watchers. After the election, several defeated presidential candidates were arrested for "defaming" President Park. With both the government and the opposition, concentrated in the loose-knit New Democratic Party, plunged into factionalism and with parliamentary proceedings barely creeping after a five-month impasse, a healthy two-party system seems far distant. Nevertheless, this turbulent land has had an unaccustomed degree of political stability for more than three years; only this has made possible the checking of near-runaway inflation and the approach to the "economic takeoff" stage.

From Hermitage to Catalyst

Since the outspoken Koreans are their own harshest critics, it has been difficult for them to wait patiently for the better life they are told is coming. The querulous press, the squabbling politicians, and the chronic pessimists that have been traditional here reflect the bitter heritage of thirty-five years of harsh Japanese occupation. During those years, when national feelings were systematically stamped out, patriotism became equated with resistance and opposition—with being against rather than for. It has taken a generation for the Koreans to begin to work together, and much of the energy needed for national rehabilita-

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tion after the disastrous war of 1950-1953 has been expended in internecine strife. It has also taken time and patience after the long occupation to develop the administrative and technical skills to run a government.

Thus, viewed in perspective by those who have labored long with the problems of South Korea, the present situation verges on the miraculous. Economic growth has been matched by development of a new spirit of confidence and maturity—what seasoned observers have called a coming of age. Korea, long known as the Hermit Kingdom, has begun to move out into the world.

In 1965, President Park braved political storms to normalize relations with the hated Japanese—an inevitable step that took fourteen years. Despite occasional friction, the two countries are living together on better terms than could have been hoped for just a few years ago. Japanese industry, facing a growing labor scarcity, is showing increasing interest in coupling its technical knowledge with South Korea's pool of competent and diligent workers, and the flow of Japanese grants, loans, and investment capital has become an important factor in South Korea's burgeoning industrialization.

It was largely a result of a Korean initiative that the nine-nation Asian-Pacific Council was organized at a conference in Seoul in June, 1966, and it was South Korea's insistence on a larger voice in Vietnam War policy that led to last fall's Manila Conference of military allies.

South Korea's vigorous participation in the Vietnam War also has given both an economic and a psychological impetus to the country, though top officials remain noncommittal on whether the number of troops will be increased, as Washington strongly desires. Premier Chung shrugged off my question on this point with a joking comment: "One South Korean is able to defeat a thousand North Vietnamese, so we don't need to send any more." It is this kind of unaccustomed vitality and confidence and independence, coming from a leader of a people so long dependent and downtrodden, that is the heartening thing about South Korea these days.

Atlanta's Negroes Rock the Boat

JOSEPH H. BAIRD

ATLANTA

FOR A GENERATION, during the long successive administrations of two liberal mayors, Atlanta boasted that it had the best racial relations of any large city in the United States with a sizable Negro population. Now both white and Negro leaders are fearful that this may be true no longer. Thousands of Atlanta Negroes are angry about overcrowded slums, poor job opportunities, the condition of sixty thousand Negroes in the Atlanta public schools, and the lack of a strong voice in municipal affairs. Most of the Negro leaders have united behind a drive by the Summit Leadership Conference (SLC), a responsible group formed four years ago from more than a hundred Negro organizations, to recall the entire nine-member Atlanta Board of Education.

White Atlanta has been shocked three times in the last two years by Negro riots. One, in the summer of 1966, lasted intermittently for two days, and could have built up into a Watts if it had not been for the vigorous intervention of Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., and some of the responsible Negro leaders. Another is always a possibility. As historians have observed, revolutions are not made by people who are hopelessly oppressed but by those who, having got rid of their worst grievances, are eager to shake off the rest.

Atlanta moved faster than most Southern cities in desegregating its public facilities. Long before passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the city had integrated its parks, golf courses, bus lines, swimming pools, theatres, schools, and most of the better hotels and restaurants.

The last two were desegregated after long picketing by the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, but the process was aided quietly by Mayor Allen, Negro leaders, and some big-business executives, including Richard H. Rich, head of Atlanta's largest department store.

"In Atlanta," Mrs. Eliza Paschall, director of the city-financed Community Relations Commission, told me, "we still have not reached the point where we do not think the most important thing about a man is the color of his skin. If we get past this point, many of our problems will be solved. Most white Atlantans no longer object if they find a Negro sitting at the next table to them in a restaurant. But they have little concern about whether a Negro is able to pay for a meal there, particularly if that might interfere with their own way of life."

Too Little, Too Late

Atlanta Negroes often look in vain for adequate accommodations in Negro areas when, a few blocks away, there are empty apartments or houses available only to white tenants. "One of our basic complaints is about housing," State Senator Leroy R. Johnson, one of the most powerful Negro leaders, said. "Atlanta must accept the responsibility of placing low-rent housing in all sections of the city, and not just concentrating it in certain areas."

"Race is an important factor in housing, no matter what the family income," Mrs. Paschall said. "In one part of town apartment owners close to a Negro neighborhood were asked if they would take Negroes as tenants and none said 'Yes.'"

In spite of strict code and inspection ordinances passed by the Board of Aldermen in 1960, Mrs. Paschall quoted estimates that of 163,405 Atlanta housing units, ten per cent are in the slum category. And most of them house Negroes. The city has a large public-housing program, but it has lagged far behind. At a housing conference last fall, Mayor Allen said the city had set a goal of 9,800 units to be completed in 1967-1968. But just a few days ago, Colonel Malcolm Jones, director of the Mayor's Housing Resources Committee, reported that "at best" only 4,810 new

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units would be finished by the end of 1968.

Unemployment is still widespread among Negroes, particularly women domestics and untrained youths. "The greatest concern of the Negro community is the broadening of the base for job opportunities," Senator Johnson said. "The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce should provide a crash program to do this, particularly in areas where there is extensive poverty."

At the end of July, the Georgia State Employment Service's Atlanta office had 609 job orders and 11,324 active applicants, of whom 5,847 were female. There was no breakdown by race, but established patterns would indicate that a large majority were Negroes.

Some 1,350 Atlanta establishments reporting to the U.S. Equal Opportunities Commission in 1966 showed a total of 103,798 jobs, of which only seventeen per cent were held by Negroes. Of these, only 5.45 per cent were white-collar workers and 4.7 per cent craftsmen.

The Neighborhood Youth Corps gives "training jobs" both in and out of school, but the record of post-Youth Corps employment is not impressive in Atlanta. From October, 1966, through July, 1967, out of some 620 out-of-school Youth Corps trainees, only ninety-eight were placed in full-time jobs. Many of the jobs pay little more than the $1.50 an hour that the youths received during their training period, according to Mrs. Paschall.

By ordinance, the City of Atlanta does not consider race in selecting employees, and some fifty per cent of its workers are Negroes. But the vast majority are either laborers or custodial employees, with a sprinkling of clerks and secretaries.

THOUGH housing and jobs head the list of complaints, it is the situation in the schools that has united the Negroes and their leaders. The school controversy began at the September meeting of the Board of Education. A group of Negroes led by Hosea Williams, a militant aide to Dr. Martin Luther King of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, disrupted the meeting by shouting demands for an end to double sessions in three high schools on the West Side, where most of the students are Negroes and there is serious overcrowding, and for the appointment of more Negroes to high administrative jobs in the school system. After the meeting, some of the Negroes invaded the offices of Superintendent of Schools John W. Letson, where they sang, shouted, chanted, and lay down on the floor, refusing to move. Some of the protesters were arrested. For more than a week Negroes picketed the Board of Education building,

carrying banners proclaiming "Letson Must Go!"

A few nights after the board meeting, about a thousand Negroes attended a meeting at the Mount Moriah Baptist Church, where Dr. King told them that a "massive" program of nonviolent demonstrations had to be organized to solve Negro problems in the fields of education, housing, and jobs. "Power must be confronted with power," King declared. "The privileged group never gives up anything without resistance. . . . This city must be turned upside down to get it right side up." There was talk of Dr. King's leading a giant protest demonstration of the sort he has organized in some Northern cities. However, since then Dr. King has spent most of his time in other cities. There has been no more talk of massive demonstrations, but picketing of the Board of Education offices has continued.

Hard Bargaining

Into this chaotic situation, the Summit Leadership Conference moved in an orderly fashion by presenting twelve written requests to the board. Six of the twelve requests were for factual and statistical data affecting the situation of the sixty thousand Negroes in the Atlanta public schools. These data were promptly supplied. The other six requests were more substantive.

The SLC demanded that the Board of Education end double sessions at Turner, Washington, and Harper High Schools, which have large Negro enrollments. Working Negro mothers had complained that when children in the early classes were released at noon there was no one at home to take care of them and they roamed the streets. Dr. Letson assured the SLC that the new $5-million Douglas High School with space for 1,250 pupils would be completed by next year and would relieve overcrowding at Turner and Harper, and that a $1-million addition was being built at Washington. But the Negroes demanded immediate action, saying the excess pupils could be bussed to predominantly white high schools where there was surplus room. Dr. Letson explained that the city had no extra busses and no money to buy them. Reluctantly, the board finally agreed to supply portable metal air-conditioned classrooms at the three high schools, and double sessions were ended.

The SLC said that with sixty thousand Negroes in the 115,000-pupil school system, the superintendent should be a Negro, and as a first step they requested the appointment of a Negro deputy superintendent who would outrank the six white assistant superintendents. The board refused to do this but did promote a Negro area superintendent, Dr. Hilliard Bowen, to the status of assistant superintendent, to rank equally with his six white colleagues. A Negro will replace him as area superintendent.

Another request was that if enrollment in any school consisted of

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more than sixty per cent of a given race, the principal should be of that race. The board found this unacceptable.

The SLC asked that a committee be set up to study all textbooks so as to eliminate any racial bias and to present an adequate picture of the Negro's contribution to American life. The board replied that a biracial textbook committee already was in existence, and was conducting periodic reviews of all books used in the Atlanta schools.

The board was asked to include Negro banks among the institutions in which it deposited school funds. No objection was made to this, and the board agreed to consult with Negro bankers.

Another request was that all textbooks be ready for distribution no later than the third day of school. The board said that an effort was made to do this, but that sometimes it was impossible to anticipate the enrollment in each school.

A complaint was made that rules governing Board of Education meetings denied freedom of speech to citizens. The board agreed to hold a meeting from seven to nine o'clock on the first Monday evening of each month and devote it entirely to hearing delegations. Regular business would be transacted at meetings held on the second Monday night of each month.

Dr. Letson suggested to the board that it seek legislation by the General Assembly to set up an Atlanta School Building Authority to provide capital for emergency school building between bond issues. He also advocated that a $7-million bond issue for new buildings be proposed to the voters next spring, and that Atlanta property be assessed at forty per cent rather than the present thirty-five per cent of fair market value to provide more money for the hard-pressed school system.

The SLC decided that, in general, the Board of Education's response was unsatisfactory, and decided to circulate the recall petition.

"The recall petition is moving along fine now," I was told by Senator Johnson, who is being mentioned as a candidate for mayor in 1969. "It is being circulated in ward and precinct organizations by 207 volunteers. We are using a voters' list of the entire city and going into parts of the white community. But we have enough Negroes to perfect the recall by getting twenty-five per cent of the voters in the last election." If the petition is perfected, a majority of all Atlanta voters would be required to recall the board.

Where Do We Go from Here?

Some white observers are not blind to the fact that the organization now being set up to circulate the petition could be useful in future elections or protest movements.

The political formula used to keep liberal Mayor William B. Hartsfield in power for twenty-three years and to elect Allen for two four-year terms is simple: they piled up large

majorities in the heavily Negro Third and Seventh Wards and in the "silk stocking" Eighth Ward that were sufficient to overcome losses in other sections of the city. The distribution represented a curious alliance between Negroes and influential white families on the North Side.

Under this political system, Negro leaders like attorney A. T. Walden and T. M. Alexander, a wealthy businessman, always had an open line of communication with City Hall. They were consulted frequently by both Hartsfield and Allen, and often were able to get prompt municipal action on problems that worried the Negro community. But Negroes held no high city offices and had little voice in local affairs, which were dominated by the North Side whites. Most Negroes now realize this, and are demanding a voice in city affairs more proportionate to their increasing number.

According to the latest figures of the Metropolitan Planning Commission, Negroes account for 44.5 per cent of the population of Atlanta proper (but only twenty-two per cent of the five-county Atlanta metropolitan area with its 1.2 million population) and are increasing at the rate of about three per cent annually. At the same time, many white families are moving every year to the suburbs.

Even more significant politically is the rapid increase in the number of Negro voters, spurred by two registration campaigns financed by the Voter Education Project of the Southern Regional Council. As of last June there were 110,456 white and 64,390 Negro voters in the city proper, as compared with 109,662 whites and 35,734 Negroes in 1963. This means that in the last four years Negro registration has almost doubled, while that of white citizens has stood almost still.

Before the Georgia Senate was reapportioned by Federal court order in 1962, the only Atlanta Negro serving in any position of influence and power was the late Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, who was a member of the Board of Education. In 1962 Leroy Johnson became the first Negro to sit in the Georgia Senate since the 1890's. Now there are two Negro state senators from Atlanta and seven assemblymen. Q. V. Williamson, a wealthy real-estate man, was elected in 1965 as the first Negro on Atlanta's Board of Aldermen.

THUS, as Atlanta Negroes are increasingly demanding a better standard of living and a stronger voice in the affairs of their city, they are acquiring the political power to insist that they be heard. The important point, as most intelligent white leaders realize, is whether their demands are expressed in violence or at the polls.

Some observers believe that one reason the SLC is taking such a hard line with the Board of Education is to convince the Negro community that it is effective. "As long as Negroes accept the leadership of the SLC," Mrs. Paschall said, "it will be powerful. But if they become convinced that it cannot deliver, they may turn to extremists."

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India's Haphazard Birth-Control Program

G. W. S. TROW

As the Indian Parliament meets this month, Dr. Sripati Chandrasekhar, the man in charge of the family planning program, will be fighting for the passage of two bills. One would raise the age of consent, now sixteen for girls and eighteen for young men, to twenty for both sexes; the other would liberalize slightly the stiff abortion laws. Dr. Chandrasekhar, who is young, energetic, and self-confident, says that both measures will pass, and he may be right. But his family planning program is meant to be on a "war footing," and these measures look like minor skirmishing.

The age of consent has been raised before, most recently in 1955 to sixteen for girls; but government estimates show that the average Indian girl still marries at fourteen or fifteen. There can be no question of enforcing such a law in the 560,000 villages, where vital statistics are only fitfully recorded and it is impossible to prove whether a girl is fourteen or twenty-one. As for the abortion law, it would affect only a tiny percentage of the population —women whose health would be severely damaged by continued pregnancy or who are liable to give birth to a deformed child.

A few months after Dr. Chandrasekhar, a demographer and social scientist educated at Columbia and New York Universities, was appointed Minister of Health and Family Planning last March, he announced that he favored in principle the idea of compulsory sterilization for all fathers with more than three children. Just recently he announced that "this scheme is being abandoned." In fact, compulsory sterilization had disappeared as a serious proposal long before Dr. Chandrasekhar gave it the coup de grace, and it disappeared without leaving so much as a controversy behind. The government never acted; it raised the issue as a ploy to induce other units—states, towns, rural districts, doctors, and ninety million child-producing couples—to act.

The ploy failed, leaving in doubt the status both of Dr. Chandrasekhar and his program. In mid-November, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi appointed a politician, Satyanarayan Sinha, as Minister for Health, Family Planning, and Urban Development —a cabinet position that Dr. Chandrasekhar probably expected to hold —and gave Dr. Chandrasekhar the new and less important title of Minister of State. It is difficult not to see this as a demotion. In these circumstances it seems likely that the family planning program will become a project of the possible, Indian style.

Silent Epidemic

The magnitude of India's population problem is well known, but the figures are still jolting: fifty-five thousand births a day, or more than twenty million a year, an annual net gain equivalent to the population of Australia. Overpopulation robs every success of its meaning. Food production has increased, but per capita consumption has fallen. Since the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan in 1951, thirty-one million jobs have been created—a remarkable accomplishment—but unemployment has more than tripled. The housing shortage is so vast and is growing worse so rapidly that no solution can be imagined.

Yet, strangely, the population problem lacks immediacy for Indians, and this is Dr. Chandrasekhar's greatest problem. Western eyes are appalled by the sight of countless naked children crowding the streets and sleeping in hallways, but in India they are accepted as facts of life. The population explosion is a greater threat to the country than any epidemic could be, but it is subtler and more elusive.

If New Delhi has definitely put aside any idea of compulsory sterilization, then it must reach and convince—educate, in fact—all couples who are having children. This is the formidable task Dr. Chandrasekhar set for himself, and it embraces all of India's social problems at once. The past persists in India, and the man who has many sons is still considered fortunate, while the barren woman is stigmatized.

The mass media, which might do the job in a more developed country, reach at most twenty per cent of the population. Even more discouraging is the fact that the media have done little visible good among the people they do reach. Nearly every movie shown in India is preceded by a family planning spot announcement, but the spot is likely to be sandwiched between advertisements for Anacin and Vicks VapoRub, and it is not likely to be as effective or as well produced as either of the two commercials. There are billboards and slogans, but most of them are fatuous ("The More the Merrier? /That's Not True/ Family Planning/Is Better for You"). It is possible, of course, to make better family-planning films and design better billboards, and Dr. Chandrasekhar can be expected to do these things. But the short-term impact can only be slight.

Family planning is not hotly debated in India: it is not an issue at all, it is only a problem, here today, here tomorrow. Dr. Chandrasekhar's purpose in mentioning compulsory sterilization must have been to arouse the public. To do so, he will have to fight a long tradition of apathy; indeed, he will have to go some way to dispel the apathy in the government itself. Population control is by no means a traditional interest of the Indian government. Gandhi and Nehru were both cool to the subject, so that it is not possible to use their prestige to sell the program. Dr. Chandrasekhar hoped to elevate the status of his job and program and was intent on emerging as a personality. He sought attention in the press, often granting several interviews a day. One of his favorite projects, which he continues to propose despite the embarrassment of his associates, is the gift of a transistor radio to every man voluntarily undergoing a vasectomy (male sterilization). To most officials, especially

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state officials, involved in family planning, this idea seems patently silly: transistor radios are not readily available, there is a fee of fifteen rupees ($2) for a license to operate one of them, and maintenance and batteries would be a heavy financial burden for the owner. Dr. Chandrasekhar, however, takes the project seriously, and not simply because he thinks the radio would be an effective inducement. "Think," he said, "if that many people had transistors, how many more people could listen to speeches by the Prime Minister and *me*!"

The Root of the Problem

Until very recently, with the beginning of a serious vasectomy program, there has been very little effective action. Nehru put all his faith in rapid industrialization, maintaining that a large reserve of labor was an important asset to a developing country. In the first Five-Year Plan there was no family-planning program of any significance. During the second Five-Year Plan (1956 through 1960) a small "clinical" program costing some $4.6 million was enacted, making a few facilities available for people who would come forward on their own. Even with the population approaching 450 million, abstinence, a Gandhian virtue, was often cited as the surest way to effective birth control.

During the third Five-Year Plan (1961 through 1965), $57 million was spent on family planning, and the "extension" approach, in which "advice and services are taken to the people," was adopted. Free contraceptives were supplied, and in July, 1965, the much-heralded loop, an inexpensive and effective intrauterine device, was added to the program. But every person who has worked in family planning can tell stories about the Indian villagers' reaction to the "advice and services" given —men who used condoms as talismans to ward off children and women who had the village healer remove their loops immediately after the departure of the doctor who had inserted it. Indian officials admit that the figures recording the number of loops inserted, initially so encouraging (1.45 million by the end of 1966), are meaningless.

There is more or less total agreement now that male sterilization by vasectomy is the key to an effective plan. It is a simple operation—painless, quickly performed (not necessarily by a doctor and not necessarily in a hospital), and permanent. Figures recording the number of vasectomies provide a meaningful picture of the success of the program. The crucial question is implementation, and the discouraging fact becoming apparent now is that implementation will remain decentralized, poorly organized, and haphazard.

Money to carry out the program ($305 million has been alloted in the fourth Five-Year Plan) is given to the states by the central government, and to municipalities and rural districts by the states. Guidelines are set down for the administration of the program, and for the disbursement of the "incentives" given to the men who volunteer to have the operation performed. In practice, the state becomes the important factor, because the state exercises more effective control over the municipality and the rural district than the federal ministry exercises over the state. There are wide differences in the success of the program from state to state. Madras, Orissa, and Maharashtra can claim some success; Bihar and West Bengal have barely begun.

One of the most discouraging factors in the health programs in India has been the government's inability to attract competent young doctors to run them. Ten thousand rural health centers "established" during the old Five-Year Plans go unmanned despite the fact that Indian medical schools graduate ten thousand men each year, schools in which until very recently the principles of family planning were not even taught.

Where officials at the local level have been good, the vasectomy program has shown great promise. Dr. D. N. Pai, for instance, who heads the family planning unit of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay, has set up vasectomy centers in Bombay's railway stations, and in September recorded 6,227 operations, twice as many as had been performed in the previous ten years.

The railway-station centers have raised eyebrows. They are small and inelegant, and often not quite clean, and they are surrounded by "promoters" who get ten rupees for every "friend" they can persuade to come to have the operation performed. Raised eyebrows do not disturb Dr. Pai. "They are procurers," he said, "not social workers, but they do a hell of a good job." But Dr. Pai worries about the point of diminishing returns. His centers are now performing two hundred vasectomy operations a day, and while he hopes that this number will not fall, lean days may lie ahead. "Any lame cow," says Dr. Pai, "can graze in the tall grass, and so far that is where we have been."

Numerous variables and inconsistencies stand in the way of an effective program. It depends on an incentive of less than $3 to attract volunteers, yet much larger incentives are given to go right on having children. Women in government service in most states are given leave with pay before and after each delivery, and in many industrial unions a bonus of $40 is paid to the worker—man or woman—after the birth of a child.

The vasectomy program is too loosely organized, and in this first crucial year may not gather sufficient momentum to make any real impact. Dr. Chandrasekhar has done little to tighten his organization. And now that he is second in command in the ministry, in a government preoccupied with its very survival, his task will be even more formidable.

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Justice of Sorts

C. P. CROW

ON A NIGHT just before Christmas a few years back, I was walking up Manhattan's East Side to visit a friend who lived in the Seventies. I had just crossed a street when a man stumbled into me, seized my left wrist, and, in a drunken voice, invited me to join him for a drink. "I'm an old Georgia boy myself," he claimed, having apparently spotted me right off for someone not cosmopolitan enough to be from New York. (How, I don't know, and I still resent the idea; at the time I had just moved to New York from Little Rock.) He put his face close to mine, staggering me with a blast of whiskey breath, and, still holding tightly to my left wrist, repeated the invitation. Rebuffed a second time, he shrugged and moved away.

I had a new watchband on, a tight new leather watchband, and I took no more than six steps before I realized that the old Georgia boy (who, it later turned out, was born in South Bend) had plucked my watch off my wrist as neatly and cleanly as any Georgia boy plucks a bloom of cotton from its boll. I turned and saw him headed down a side street, not more than twenty-five yards away from me. He entered an old brick apartment building, and I stood across the street, feeling ludicrous and looking at the building from behind a tree and through the windows of a parked bread truck.

Whether he went to an apartment inside or merely bided his time in the foyer I could not tell. Just as I was about to go to a phone booth to call the police, he emerged and walked three blocks north. There he stopped to talk with a man in the warmth of an oil-drum fire at an outdoor Christmas-tree stand. I went into a liquor store around the corner and told a clerk what had happened; he agreed to call the police. Two uniformed policemen arrived quickly in a squad car, and I explained to *them* what had happened. They walked over to the Christmas-tree stand; the old Georgia boy was not there.

The Christmas-tree man denied that he had been talking with anyone who fitted my description—a tall, lean fellow with a skeletal face, wearing a narrow-brimmed hat and a trench coat. One of the patrolmen looked across the street. There, in a darkened doorway, stood the man. "Is that him?" one of the two asked. I replied that it was, and they walked to the doorway and brought him back.

The Christmas-tree man denied having ever seen him, and the suspect denied having ever seen me, and said further that if he had seen me, he certainly hadn't taken my watch. After further consultation, the patrolmen summoned two more men, plainclothesmen, who soon arrived in another car. I repeated the story to them—twice, as I recall—while the suspect continued his denials and told the four policemen how much he would relish having his hands on my throat. While they seemed to find the idea fairly amusing, they didn't offer him the chance.

The two detectives left to go to the house I had seen the suspect enter; the two patrolmen put the suspect, handcuffed, in the back of their car, and I walked to the station house, which was only a couple of blocks away. The Christmas-tree man remained sullenly by his fire.

SPENDING a December evening in a New York City police station is much like finding yourself in a dream that follows a script written by Nathanael West; it has a surrealist quality that alternates between absurdity and despair. Outside, it was almost balmy for December, and the city was decorating itself for Christmas. Inside, it seemed chilly. The fluorescent lights of the station reflected coldly off the green floor tiles, and the walls were festooned with "wanted" posters and other police business.

We all assembled at the front desk of the nearby precinct house, and the suspect, his eyes wild with menace, glared at me, all the while insisting that he had never seen me before and that he hadn't stolen anyone's watch.

His persistence apparently had some effect, for the policemen asked me, once again, in tones that implied they were perhaps a bit put out with *me*, if I was sure that this was the man. I told them I was. They asked me if I was sure I had had my watch on when I left my apartment. Yes, I said, I was. They asked me when I had last looked at it and when I had noticed that it was missing. I said I had last looked at it just before crossing the street

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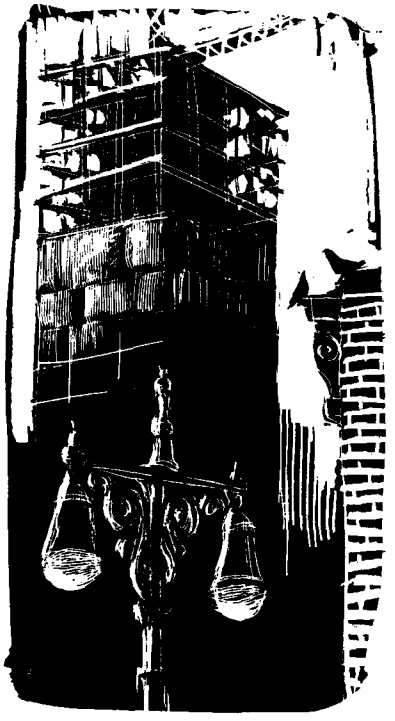
and running into the suspect—I was supposed to be at my friend's at 8:30, and it was a few minutes after eight at the time—and had first missed it as soon as I stepped away from the suspect.

They seemed somewhat reassured. They asked the suspect his name. It was Malcolm B_____. "Have you ever been in trouble before?" the desk sergeant asked him. "No, sir," he said. "You ever been in this station before?" the desk sergeant asked. Malcolm looked at his shoes. "Well, maybe once, twice," he said. "Maybe once or twice," the desk sergeant said, a trifle sarcastically. Malcolm's arrest record was produced, and the sergeant began to read at random. "Grand larceny . . . jostling . . . petit larceny . . . armed robbery . . . assault and battery. . . ." Malcolm only said, "Well, I got into trouble before." Trouble? I later calculated, from what one of the detectives told me, that Malcolm had been arrested an average of once every two years since he was sixteen years old. He was then forty-four.

IN AN ALCOVE just off the main lobby of the station house, a police sergeant was standing before a blackboard, chalk in hand, teaching a class of rookies. Malcolm was taken there to be searched—just off to the side of the class, so it couldn't really be assumed that they were making a full spectacle of him, taking what little dignity might have remained to him. He took his hat off, and one of the two detectives looked at it and dropped it to the floor. The sergeant halfheartedly continued to diagram something on the blackboard. Malcolm took the trench coat off. The other detective turned it inside out and dropped it to the floor. The class, maybe twenty rookies, forgot the lecture and watched Malcolm. He took his plaid jacket off; one of the detectives searched it and dropped it to the floor. "Shoes and socks," he said wearily. Malcolm removed shoes and socks. No watch was there. "Tie," the detective said. Malcolm took off his tie. It was examined and dropped into the pile. "The rest of it," the detective said. "The—the rest?" Malcolm asked. "Whatsa matter, you modest?" one of the detectives said. "No, it's—I don't have any underwear on," Malcolm said. "You think I care?" the detective said.

Malcolm pulled off his shirt. It was searched and dropped to the floor. Then he was made to step out of his pants and stand naked in front of us all—the two detectives, the two patrolmen, me, the desk sergeant, the instructor, and the class of rookies. The class laughed quietly, and Malcolm was clearly ashamed. It was fairly certain now that he had disposed of the watch.

They made him get dressed, replaced the handcuffs (which they had removed to enable him to take his clothes off), and took him to the detectives' section of the station house. That section contained several interrogation rooms, a few desks in a main room, a room for detectives' files, and



a couple of cells off in an alcove. It had drab, pale-green paint and stale air. Along one wall was a fingerprinting desk, with an instruction sheet thumbtacked to it.

The two patrolmen and one of the detectives took Malcolm into one of the interrogation rooms. I lingered outside with the other detective, a well-dressed, collegiate-looking man who seemed to regard most things with a sense of humor.

"Where are you from?" he asked me, by way of opening a conversation.

"Little Rock." I said.

He nodded and smiled, as if that were a particularly nice place to come from. "Little Rock," he said. "I know just how you feel. We got the same problems up here with them that you do down there." I signified that I didn't understand, and he continued. "The Negroes. I think it's probably worse up here." He smiled and gave me a warm, man-to-man look, and said, "I know just how you feel."

I wondered why the subject of race had come up. Malcolm was not a Negro, and I had given no indication of my feelings. I wanted to ask the detective if he really knew how I felt, but I didn't get the chance. He stepped into one of the interrogation rooms—one that adjoined the room into which Malcolm had been taken—and closed the door. Presently he opened it and called to me, "Hey, Red, come on in here a minute. You want to see something?" I walked in. There, on the other side of a two-way mirror set in the wall, were Malcolm, the detective, and the two patrolmen. They could see only their reflections. We could see and hear them perfectly.

MALCOLM was seated on a high stool surrounded by the three policemen. His feet were propped up on one rung, and his knees stuck out awkwardly. "You going to tell us? One last time?" the detective said. "I already told you fellas," Malcolm said, persistent in his denial.

In appearance, the two patrolmen were strictly a slapstick pair. One was perhaps forty-five, big and beefy, with a rosy complexion. The other was about thirty, shorter, stocky, dark. The big one stepped up to Malcolm and booted him smartly in the shins. Malcolm bent over to grab his legs, and the policeman grabbed Malcolm's long red nose and pulled on it and twisted. Malcolm howled in pain.

"Why doesn't he tell them?" I asked the young detective, after they had pinched, cuffed, and kicked Malcolm some more. "Oh, he'll tell them," he assured me. "They'll get it out of him." I looked back through the mirror. The smaller patrolman was delivering a couple of sharp kicks to Malcolm's shins. The

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detective slapped Malcolm in the face.

They did get it out of him, too. Malcolm finally said that he had stolen the watch but that he no longer had it. He told the police that he had sold it to a nineteen-year-old boy who lived near the Christmas-tree stand where they had picked him up. The two detectives left, the two patrolmen remained with Malcolm in the interrogation room, and I sat outside in the main room. I looked up at the clock on the wall. It was nearly ten o'clock.

THE TWO DETECTIVES returned shortly with the youth who Malcolm said had bought my watch. They searched him while he spat angry denials at them. They found him to be carrying a large beer-can opener, which they returned to him immediately. Malcolm was led out to confront the youth. On seeing the anger in the boy's face, he began explaining that he had had nothing to do with their having picked him up. The boy spat out a few curses. The detectives, once again in a mood to look at the case with wry good humor, explained to Malcolm that the boy swore his innocence. "He doesn't seem to know anything about it now," they said. Malcolm stammered wordlessly. "I'll tell you what," one of the detectives said, "we'll let you two talk it over." They put the youth and the still handcuffed Malcolm in the questioning room.

Outside, the young detective explained that the boy was on parole for an armed-robbery sentence, which undoubtedly had been the reason Malcolm had implicated him. His feeble hope had been, apparently, that the police would release him for turning in a suspected parole violator. But the boy had not violated his parole. Malcolm, it turned out, was wrong all the way.

In the questioning room, Malcolm sat at one side of a table, the boy at the other side, facing him. "You'd better get out there and tell them I didn't have anything to do with this," the boy said. "I can't," Malcolm said. "I didn't mean to get into this, I. . . ." While Malcolm talked, the boy pulled the can opener from his pants pocket and placed it on the table. He toyed with it between his hands briefly, and then clutched it in his right hand as if it were a knife, certainly a weapon. The detectives and I watched through the two-way mirror.

Rather than have his face opened up by a hooked piece of steel, Malcolm at last gave in. As the youth started around the table for him, Malcolm shouted, "I'll tell them!" The detectives rushed in and kept the boy away from Malcolm. Malcolm admitted to them that he had lied. Walking out, the boy said, with a surly look over his shoulder, "You're gonna get yours, buddy."

The experience seemed to sober Malcolm. He told the detectives that he was now ready to show them where the watch was. All of us—the handcuffed Malcolm, the two detectives, the two patrolmen, and I—tramped outside.

"I'll tell you fellas what," Malcolm said. "If we all go up there, we won't be able to get the watch back. So if you let me go alone, I'll pick it up and come on back here." His eyebrows arched in question, he took one hesitating step. The short, dark patrolman drew his revolver instantly. "You take one more step and I'll blow your head off," he said. He might have, too; the thought seemed highly pleasing to him.

"I'm tired of playing with him," the older and taller of the two detectives said. "Let's get him back upstairs."

It was eleven o'clock. The two detectives took Malcolm into the interrogation room, and the two patrolmen said good-night and left. Whacks and thumps resounded from the room. I went into the adjoining room to look through the two-way mirror. One of the detectives had picked Malcolm up by his lapels and was slamming him into the wall very rapidly and very forcefully. When he stopped that, he went to work on the shins again, kicking away. It is possible to shatter ribs by slamming a man into a wall, just as it is possible to fracture shins by kicking them with heavy police shoes. I walked back out into the main room. There was a yell, followed by a whine. A minute later, the detective emerged with Malcolm, the shorter one grinning at me, the taller one looking harassed. Malcolm looked just as you would have thought—as if he had been rather thoroughly roughed up. The taller detective left to go get the watch, which Malcolm told them he had sold for six dollars to a man near the Christmas-tree stand. The shorter detective went to a desk to do some paper work, and Malcolm and I sat at a table in the main room.

A FEW FEET away, a detective stood fingerprinting two girls who had been brought in on a prostitution charge. One of the girls cried the whole time, while the other, apparently more seasoned, quietly cursed the detective and called him a series of names as remarkable for variety as for foulness. From time to time he smiled at her impassively and said, "That's right, honey." A blonde in a full-length mink coat and a floppy black hat came in and protested that her car keys had been taken by a parking-lot attendant nearby. She had not returned to the lot before it closed, she conceded, but she demanded to know how she was supposed to get back to Westchester with her car locked up. The detective listening to her made a phone call, found that the keys had been left with an attendant at a lot that stayed open later, and got another policeman to drive her over.

I think that it was not until this time that Malcolm began to think about the eventual results of what he had done. He looked at me and raised his pants legs. His shins were almost hairless and pale white. The skin was broken from the kicking and caked with blood. He put his head in his hands and, rocking back and forth gently, began to moan, "I yam troo, I yam troo."

I asked what he meant. He said that the two people he had implicated—the boy he had caused to be brought in, and the person to whom he had sold my watch and whose name he had given to the detectives—would probably kick his head in when he got out of jail. I realized that the only prospect he had was for more violence, either in or out of police stations.

Eventually, the taller detective returned with the watch. He had not arrested the man who had bought it from Malcolm, he said, because if he had done that the man would not have told him where the watch was hidden. He had given the man

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the pledge of freedom in exchange for the stolen watch. I identified it and asked to have it back. "Well," the younger detective said, "we assume you'll want to press charges. We'll have to keep the watch till tomorrow morning. You can get it back then, after court." I looked glum. "You do want to press charges?" he said. "That's the problem we face—people come in and make a complaint, and they don't show up in court, so maybe the guy goes free." I told him all right and asked him the time and place of court. He told me it was the Felony Division of Manhattan Criminal Court.

"One hundred Centre Street," he said. "You should be there about seven-thirty." I blinked. "Well," he said, "we have to get the complaint typed up and signed. It takes a little while." I told him I would be there.

WALKING BACK to my apartment, I thought about the case. A number of questions came to mind that I was unable to answer then and that I still cannot answer. First, what would have happened if I had not seen the thief so clearly and had mistakenly identified another man? Would an innocent man have been beaten? What would I have done if somehow I myself had been accused of a crime and the accuser was in error? I thought that certainly I would refuse to strip in front of a class of policemen, and that perhaps the refusal could have led to a beating. And even if the police were more cautious toward those who did not have a police record, did this mean that anyone *with* a record could expect a beating when he became a suspect, whether or not he was guilty in a particular case? What would it do to the attitude of a man who might think of giving up crime if he were beaten on a false charge? There were questions, too, about the police. Can a man be violent and brutal, and beat people as part of his job, without being somehow damaged?

Still, the obvious remained: both Malcolm and I knew he was guilty, yet he had lied about stealing the watch. With all his experience in police matters, he must have known that he would be roughed up if he continued to deny it. And after admitting the theft, did he expect that

he would get away with not telling the police the name of the man who had bought my watch? His alternatives were not easy. If he told them who had bought it, the man would surely try to find him later and would possibly kill him. If he didn't tell the police, they might beat him. If he had been able to stand the physical punishment, the watch would never have been recovered. But he could not stand it, and the police recovered the watch because they were effective at roughing people up. There was no doubt that violence had served the cause of justice.

THE NEXT MORNING, I made my way to a dismal little room in the Criminal Courts Building. Other people were there to swear out other complaints. The mood was one of vague uneasiness, more suited to the waiting room of a city morgue where relatives come to identify bodies. Behind a railing, a detective in shirtsleeves was typing away. I sat on a bench and waited. After about ten minutes, the young detective who had talked with me the night before showed up, cheery as ever despite the hour.

He typed up the complaint that the judge would read. I pointed out that its details varied from those of the theft itself. The two patrolmen were omitted from the description, as I recall, and the credit, if that is the word, was given primarily to himself, although the other detective was mentioned. "It's simpler this way," he said. "Just for the record," I told him, "it's incorrect." He smiled paternally and resumed his typing. The night before at the station, the detective had told me that the figure I had given him as the watch's value—about twenty-five dollars, for a six-year-old watch that had had considerable abuse—was not enough for a grand-larceny charge, so we agreed (I wish I could honestly say now that I did so with reluctance) to make the figure $125. I remember some vague and ridiculous remarks about the actual value of the watch and its sentimental value. If the complaint had had my figure of twenty-five dollars, the charge would have been petit larceny and the sentence shorter.

The detective left, and I waited on a bench for about thirty minutes before he came back. We went together into the courtroom. Malcolm was brought in through a door at the judge's left, and the court-appointed attorney with him explained, after the judge had read the charge so rapidly that no one could possibly have understood it except himself and the detective who typed it, that Malcolm would plead guilty if the court would sentence him on a lesser charge.

Everyone seemed to agree to this, and the judge said the charge was reduced from grand larceny to petit larceny. On a grand-larceny charge, involving a theft of more than $100, a criminal can get up to five years in prison, depending on the value of the property stolen and on whether or not the thief has a police record. On a petit-larceny charge, involving a theft of less than $100, he can get up to six months in prison. The judge set the sentencing for a date about three weeks away and banged his gavel. Malcolm was led away. I went back to the dismal little room where the detective had typed the complaint to pick up my watch.

"What will he get?" I asked.

The detective told me that Malcolm would get the full six months.

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If a prisoner has a long record, it is unlikely that he will get any time off for good behavior; and on such a charge, under the law, the convicted man must serve at least four and a half months of the six-month term.

I asked the detective what was the real point of having a man spend four and a half to six months in jail and added that it seemed to me Malcolm had only got himself a warm place to stay for the winter. With the return of warm weather Malcolm would again be free on the streets, no doubt plucking other watches off other wrists, maybe not in New York, with the two men he had implicated in this case possibly looking for him, but somewhere. Just what was the point?

"Well," the detective said, "you wouldn't want him to go free, would you?"

I signed a form, and he thanked me for taking the time and trouble to see justice done, and told me again that it was difficult to get people to come to court and see that thieves got locked up. He gave me my watch back in a brown-paper envelope and shook my hand.

Outside, it was a clear morning, but much colder than the night before. The worst part of the winter was yet to come and, justice done, Malcolm would spend it in jail. (I found out later that he was sentenced, by a judge other than the one who had heard the case, to six months in the workhouse, which he served at Riker's Island Penitentiary.)

At the bottom of the courthouse steps, I took the envelope from my pocket, removed the watch, and put it on. Although it was self-winding, it was not running. I twisted the stem and nothing happened. I took it off and banged it against the heel of my left hand. Nothing happened. Walking toward home up lower Broadway, I tapped it occasionally and gave the stem an occasional halfhearted twist. Before I got home, I stopped off at a jewelry shop, where I explained to the repairman that the watch had apparently been dropped. He nodded pleasantly and gave me a claim check. It cost me fifteen dollars to have the watch repaired.

Khotso's Millions

JACK COPE

Though the Transkei, South Africa's model all-black enclave, is tranquil on the surface, driving off the district road requires a permit from the local magistrate. One of the conditions of the permit is "that in his dealings with the Natives the holder must behave in a dignified manner and refrain from criticism of the administration of the Government or any of its officials."

Gray-haired Mr. Olivier, the magistrate, has his offices in the handsome new state buildings in the charming little town of Lusikisiki. The town was proclaimed all-black last year, and the office staffs are being Africanized. Mr. Olivier is efficient and correct; with the wisdom of experience, he sees people as individuals rather than as racial units. His assistant magistrate is black, as are most of his clerks, tax assessors, and auditors. Africanization goes ahead smoothly; the machine works.

In the dusty square next to the modern state buildings, men and women sellers of medicines squat patiently beside the cloths on which their wares are set out—gnarled bones of animals and reptiles, horns of fat, mixtures of ash, dirt, herbs, roots. They are small-time dealers in magic. A mile away on a hill lives Khotso, the multimillionaire master magician. Sometimes he drives past them in his Cadillac and powders them with his dust.

Khotso has set up his headquarters a few yards off the road on the site of a former white trading store sheltered by rows of eucalyptus and overlooking ragged banana plantations. His bizarre palace, Kruger House, is something between a Disneyland fake and a pavilion at a world's fair, yet it has a unique grotesquerie that belongs to no time or place. Everything is carried out in crude brick and plaster painted a hard blue with white pointing. A series of tall wrought-iron gates bearing the letter "K" admits one through the high wire fences. Blue pillars planted at random are topped with primitive cement sculpture—lions, eagles, magical birds, busts of Khotso, Paul Kruger and other Boer leaders, and Nationalist cabinet ministers. Leopards shaped like oversized frogs and lions with the faces of puppies stand guard at various entrances. Drums begin to beat, gardeners drop their tools and rush to their posts, and a sentry unchains the locked gates. The visitor's car

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is guided to a parking lot, and servants carrying water buckets descend on it and begin to wash it almost before the driver is out.

Twelve youngish women, all dressed in orange kerchiefs and ankle-length slovenly blue cotton dresses, emerge single file from a door. These are Khotso's wives, his "staff," as he calls them. While they line up on an open veranda and begin listlessly to sing "Die Stem," the national anthem of the Republic of South Africa, the visitor has the soles of his shoes washed by a servant.

Turning, he comes face to face with a pot-bellied little man wearing baggy corduroys and an oversized pea jacket. This is Khotso Sethuntsa Dlamini, to give him his full tribal name. His skull and beard are clean-shaven, and he has a hard, stonelike face; his deep-set black eyes seem expressionless. He moves and talks slowly, and he has a peculiar stillness and dignity that multiply his stature many times. It is not difficult to see why people both black and white hold him in awe and even fear.

A VESTIBULE leads to the first reception hall, hundreds of feet long. On the floor are piles of money, on tables basins of notes and coins. A platter in one corner is piled with diamonds as large as pigeon's eggs. As far as one can see, the cash belongs to debased and canceled currencies from such countries as Brazil, Germany, and Greece. The diamonds are glass, though Khotso likes to be photographed holding handfuls of them and wears a ten-carat piece of cut glass as an earring.

The next reception hall, equally vast, is cluttered with tableloads of bric-a-brac like some ghostly flea market. The wives line up again while Khotso disappears. They are now singing "Nkosi Sikelele Afrika" ("God Bless Africa"), the anthem of the liberation movement. An attendant brings the visitor framed clippings and whole newspaper pages referring to Khotso. Busts of Paul Kruger and Khotso are pointed out, unrecognizable but for the names painted on them.

In a third reception hall rows of tables are laid out with complete sets of tableware. But no one will dine there—it is only for show. In still another hall, Khotso reappears like the Cheshire Cat. The women are now singing "God Save the Queen" in English and they move on to hymns, starting with "Jesus Loves Me."

"Staff! Shut up!" Khotso suddenly yells. This last is his favored reception hall and he prefers quiet to reign. It contains thirty or forty bridge and coffee tables loaded with glassware, cutlery, silver-plated tea sets—knickknacks palmed off by flat-

tering salesmen. Everywhere walls, ceiling, and floor are painted the same stony blue. A grand staircase of five cement steps is lined with busts. It is flanked with squat equestrian statues of Khotso; the South African cabinet and the leader of the opposition are lined up on the floor.

"I am Khotso who was once a poor herdboy," the host says. "Welcome, Chief. Good luck. *Pula, pula* [rain]."

"Good luck to you. Can you tell me how old you are? You look a healthy fifty-five."

"Read about me, read all about me." He orders his wives to fetch the framed clippings, books, framed letters from government ministers. Each magazine and news article says something different; facts and figures shift like water.

"I've read all this—let's get back to the question."

"Read it all again, Chief."

"Is it true you have a medicine to bring a dead man back to life?"

"It's true—Instant Life. But my price is too high. Only Khotso can afford it."

"You have used it?"

"Yes, in 1924. It bring me back from the dead. Khotso knows everything. Live forever."

"He used it two times," one of the wives puts in, but he ignores her.

"Then it does not matter how old you are."

"Eighty-five. Born 1881."

"Eighty-three," says the current favorite wife, Betinja. "He was born January 7."

He glares at her. "Staff! Get out!" he roars.

The women go quietly out. He admits to sixteen wives. In 1963 the figure he gave was fifteen; in 1965 it was eighteen. He has two sons and up to twenty-two daughters, according to the latest count.

TO AVOID questions or any serious discussion, Khotso prefers talk about money. He relates the price of his silverware, the cost of building each house in the compound, and what he paid for the leaded lights. His moment comes when he is asked how much he is worth all together. A loud whistle and a shake of the head. "Too much," he says. "Plenty money. Too much money. Millions."

"Can you tell me in round figures?"

"My income, it is three million rand ($4 million). My assets, it is 127 million ($176 million). That's true. It's not made up." Another whistle and shake of the head. "Too much money," he repeats in a faint voice.

His cattle, sheep, horses, goats, and other livestock, he says, run to millions. "They start counting in April, through May, June, July . . . all the way December they still counting. They take corn sacks, put one grain of corn in a bucket for each cow. In the end, millions!" It was useless for people to steal his cattle—just like a mouse trying to eat a mountain of corn. Asked to change the subject and give his opinion on the future of black-white relations, his eyes cloud and he says, pianissimo, "Money, too, too much."

"You know about America?"

"Yes, all Americans come to see me. Every Monday and Friday a bus

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comes here to bring visitors. Too many Americans."

Khotso produces his visitors' book, appropriately an old leather-bound cashbook, containing thousands of signatures, a large number with U.S. addresses. An American tour company arranges the bus route and the collection of signatures pays off handsomely; tourists do not buy his medicines, magic, and charms, but they give Khotso a talking point: no other witch doctor has "clients" from all parts of the world.

"What's wrong that people know me all places? Every country in the world." He reels off as many countries as he can remember, chiefly in Africa, and adds with a rare laugh, "But no Russians come here. Russians no go. What for?"

Last year he built what he calls his American Tourist House, a kind of glassed-in garden pavilion set out with glass tables, crude clayware made by his wives, and hideous beadwork by Betinja done in South Africa's national colors of orange, blue, and white. Here he entertains the busloads of tourists to tea. He is a teetotaler and does not allow smoking on his premises so as not to offend the spirits. But he also has a Cocktail House where liquor is served. On great occasions, such as the visit of a high state official or a photographer, Khotso dresses in fantastic robes and beadwork and puts on a special act that may include kissing the visitor's feet and hands. For the former Minister of Bantu Development, M.D.C. de Wet Nel, the witch doctor humbled himself by washing the state car personally.

"Is there anyone else who washes your car?" Khotso asks. He shakes his head, not expecting a reply. "Is there anyone who has ever built a special house for his American visitors? How many black millionaires are there in Africa? How many white people make this money in a year?" A long, amazed whistle.

"Tell me what you think of the Negroes in America."

"Negroes visit me, everybody comes to see Khotso. What's wrong?"

"And you know about the Negro fight for freedom?"

"Too much money, too, too much. . . . ," he says in a voice fading out. He dashes off and disappears through the many galleries and windows and alcoves of his rambling one-story palace. Presently he can be seen peeping at his visitor from behind a curtain or through a partly closed door. Then he is gone again, maybe for half an hour. He comes back at a dignified waddle down the long hall.

"Kenyatta?" he says, struck by a sudden thought. "Jomo!" but he will not add another word. Politics is taboo with the doctor except for statements of support for the government and its apartheid policy. His loyalty does not go unrewarded. The Transkei Commissioner-General in Abrahamskraal calls on him, hobnobs with him, and attends his parties. Cabinet ministers from Pretoria receive him and correspond with him. "He is a very nice old man and a shrewd diplomat," an official in Abrahamskraal told me.

VERIFIABLE FACTS about Khotso's past are hard to come by and do not often jibe with his own account. His most consistent claim is that his father, Speelman, a member of the Sotho tribe, was coachman to Paul Kruger, president of the old Transvaal republic. Speelman, he says, was sent by Kruger in the early 1880's to help settle a dispute between the republic and the Fingo tribe. The mission was so successful that the tribal chief presented Speelman with his daughter in marriage. When a child was born, Kruger, in memory of the settlement, called him Khotso—Peace. The boy grew up in the Kruger household until the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899. In 1900, when the Boer forces collapsed, his father was sent toward the Mozambique border with a coach full of Kruger's valuables and personal possessions. (And with some of the Kruger millions in gold coin, one version of the story says.) Speelman then disappeared mysteriously and conveniently—shot by the Boers, Khotso says, to keep secret the hiding place of the Kruger treasure. Khotso and his mother then lived for many years in Kokstad, capital of Griqualand East. There, according to his account, he began practice as a herbalist in 1910 or 1911. He claims that by 1920 he was already paying supertax and had two hundred salesmen on the road.

But Khotso's chronology—necessary to the Kruger myth—does not correspond with that of two old acquaintances. A former friend, Barrett Mlambo, says that in 1924, when he shared a room with Khotso, they were both about twenty years old. Barrett remembers that Khotso kept his money in a bucket under his bed until he persuaded him to carry it for safekeeping to a bank. And Bob Scott, a farmer in the Kokstad district, now in his mid-fifties, confirms Mlambo's estimate of Khotso's age: he maintains that Khotso was born the same year he was and in the same district. Khotso once worked for his father as a herdsman. After a heated dispute arose between them and Khotso was ordered off the property, Scott recalls, he left in a rage, threatening vengeance. Two days later a tornado struck the Scott farm, wrenching the roofs off the buildings and scattering them over the veld. Since the quarrel and the threats of vengeance had been witnessed by all the farm laborers, Khotso was credited with having brought on the tornado. His reputation as a storm doctor was made and is still one of his most powerful assets.

Some time after the Second World War, it seems to have occurred to Khotso that herbalism, a licensed trade hemmed in on one side by witchcraft acts and on the other by the Pharmacy Act, had limited prospects. Perhaps it was to enlarge his horizons that in 1948 when the Nationalists came into power in South Africa, he sent a Kruger gold sovereign to the new Prime Minister, Dr. Daniel F. Malan, whose apartheid policy was based on fear and hatred of the "black menace." No doubt to his surprise, Khotso re-

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ceived a friendly note of thanks for this unsolicited gift. Possibly this incident suggested other extra-witchcraft lines of activity. In any case, by 1956, still an obscure herbalist, he made a special trip to Pretoria, dressed himself in an elaborate costume, and went on his knees to hand the curator of the Transvaal Museum a hundred pounds toward the preservation of Paul Kruger's old homestead. On this occasion he uttered one of the few intelligible remarks ever attributed to him: "He longs for the day in the history of our country when peace will obtain between whites and non-whites," an Afrikaans newspaper quoted him as saying. The legend of Speelman and the spiritual guidance of Kruger burgeoned. And Khotso had plenty of money.

THAT SAME YEAR Khotso's mother died and he moved out of Kokstad—run out of town, some say. He was now buying property, investing, spending freely on cars and agricultural machinery. He claimed that he already owned ten farms. (Nine years later he was claiming to own 460 farms.) It was clear that he was amassing a fortune quickly and that not all of it was coming from love philters and storm-doctoring. By the early 1960's his activities (and his publicity) had taken on more and more extravagant proportions. He invited thousands of guests, including government ministers, to an annual feast on October 10, Kruger's birth date. He turned up in the cities with a troop of drummers and singers in gaudy costumes to form a circus of his own. He traveled with suitcases packed with bundles of small notes, and his lavish purchases were invariably paid for in cash. In 1963 he built Kruger House and installed his wives, children, and retinue of acolytes who, in exchange for tuition fees, minimal rations, and hard physical labor, hope to gain something of Khotso's powers, luck, and ability to make money.

Patients, black and white, come from far and wide. Whites are told to visit their banks before consulting him. From Africans he takes fees that are staggering in proportion to their earnings. Remedies—ground whalebone, gunpowder, snakeskins, horns, candle fat, powdered ostrich eggs—sell for as much as $1,000 and may be paid for on the installment plan.

A white family from Cape Town whose daughter the doctors had been unable to cure of tuberculosis brought her to Khotso for treatment. They told Dippie Aucamp, bartender at the local hotel, that she had been cured completely. Aucamp, himself a herbalist, obtained a plaster from Khotso for growths on the soles of his feet which contained crocodile fat, among other things. The growth yielded and came away without pain.

Seven smart young Africans from Johannesburg drove to Lusikisiki to buy good luck from Khotso at $300 apiece. They had all saved for this from their wages, perhaps $50 a month.

Residents in Lusikisiki were visited by a young white woman from Pretoria who brought a letter of introduction and an appeal to take her to Khotso. She was neurotic and suffered from vague pains. Khotso spoke to her courteously and gave her a small bottle of some substance with a picture of himself tied to the neck and wished her well. How much? He refused to accept any payment. Perhaps he suspected that here at last was a police trap.

To others, he sells services of a kind the Chicago underworld never thought of. Not only can he raise storms and strike huts with his lightnings, he also dispenses protection. A black ointment is smeared on a

sharpened iron stake and aimed to scatter threatening thunderclouds. Medicine is burnt and the smoke allowed to drift over the fields to save them from hail and lightning. Khotso also has a powder to confound the spells of other witch doctors.

EARLY IN 1965, Lusikisiki was declared an area for black ownership only. Khotso announced that he would buy the whole town from the white owners. He ordered his henchmen to count the money he kept in his strong room under the house. Starting on Monday, they had counted four million rand ($5.5 million) by Friday and still had not finished. Khotso had himself photographed holding fat bundles of notes. The Revenue Office, which had collected a bare $25,000 from him in taxes, sent a team of three tax assessors to see Khotso a few days later. He took nearly all day trying to explain that the photographs were faked and that he did not have a tenth of the cash in his house.

All the same, Khotso ranks with the very rich. Certainly no black man in Africa is known to have built up such personal wealth—except perhaps a fugitive Premier with millions in World Bank loans salted away in Switzerland. Khotso's assets in land, cattle, and bank deposits are huge and real. Witnesses have seen his store of gold coins, and behind the mounds of cut-glass gems he is thought to have real diamonds. Indeed, white farmers and traders are convinced he has made most of his money from diamond smuggling. Every trader has been faced with the temptation of a night visit from an African with a tobacco bag full of rough diamonds. A police trap? One never knows. But the traders believe that Khotso has successfully steered his way through this dangerous field and that there is no other explanation for his enormous wealth.

Still, success is not all happiness. Khotso has no friends beyond his circle of wives, children, and servants. During 1965, four of his wives ran away. He was not too concerned until the reigning favorite fled with one of his employees. ("He was a first-class fellow but I did not know he was a Communist," said Khotso.) And though he corresponds with top white officials and has a framed letter of thanks from President Swart himself, the bright young black officials in the Transkei think a good deal less of him. For a time one of the rituals at Kruger House included a litany which Khotso opened by saying: "Who is greater, God or Khotso?" A chorus responded: "Khotso!" But this was dropped when Kruger House was damaged in a storm and a suspicion arose that the powers above might have had some hand in it.

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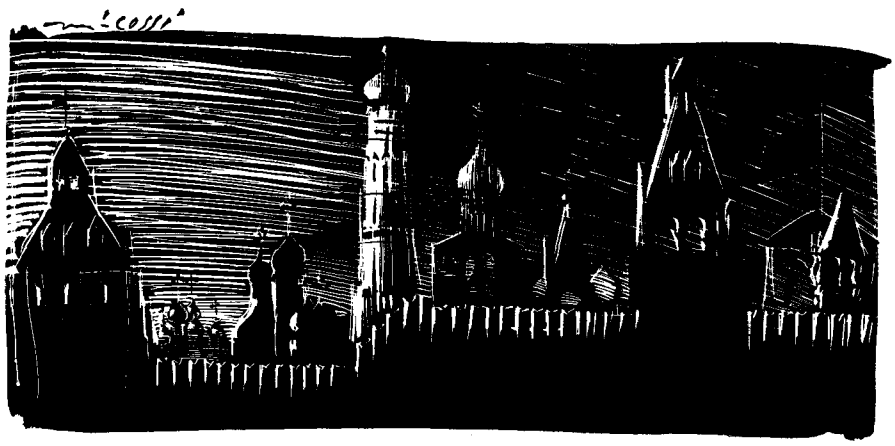
BOOKS



Kennan Looks Back

GORDON A. CRAIG

MEMOIRS, 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. *Little, Brown. $10.*

Professional diplomats, it has been justly remarked, tend to become wanderers between two worlds. They are compelled by their calling to reside in countries in which they will always remain aliens, no matter how long they serve in them or how great their affection for them. At the same time, they become alienated from their own country, seeing it—because from a distance—with a more critical eye and finding themselves misunderstood and even distrusted by their own countrymen because of their apparent preference for foreign parts. From Sir Henry Wotton's time to our own, distinguished practitioners of the art of diplomacy have commented upon or complained about this often painful situation, and it is no surprise to find George Kennan doing the same. Speaking of his impressions during a trip home after his first years of service in Riga, Vienna, and Moscow, he writes:

"Increasingly, now, I would not be a part of my country, although what it had once been would remain a part of me. I, not being a part of it, would nevertheless understand it. It, being still to some extent a part of me, would nevertheless not understand me. I would continue to pay it my loyalty. This was a matter of self-respect and of a deeper faith in the values of our civilization. What else, after all, could I be loyal to? But it would be a loyalty *despite*, not a loyalty *because*, a loyalty of principle, not of identification. And whatever reciprocation it evoked could never be one based on a complete understanding."

THE NOTE of pessimism that sounds through these lines is the prevailing tone of this "picture of an intellectual career in the Foreign Service," as Kennan describes his memoirs. For while other working diplomats have managed to resign themselves to the intermittent exasperations of their professional lives—the conflicts of view between the home office and the field, the apparent irrationality of the former in dealing with its representatives abroad, its failure to keep them informed, its indifference to their reports, its disinclination to consult them in matters affecting their own posts—he became gradually convinced that these things were the external symptoms of deeper faults in the American manner of conducting foreign relations, faults so firmly imbedded in the American system that they could not be eradicated by the government itself. And it was this feeling that led him to leave the service in 1950.

Even when he was a relatively junior officer in the field, Kennan seems to have been moving toward the conclusions that determined that decision. In November, 1933, at the time of the United States government's recognition of the Soviet Union, he noted that the language used in the exchange of notes seemed designed more to convince the American public of the patriotism and vigilance of their negotiators than to pin the Soviet government down to firm guarantees of American interests. It was the first of many lessons he was to receive "on one of the most consistent and incurable traits of American statesmanship . . . its neurotic self-consciousness and introversion, the tendency to make statements and take actions with regard not to their effect on the international scene to which they are ostensibly addressed but rather to their effect on those echelons of American opinion, congressional opinion first and foremost, to which the respective statesmen are anxious to appeal."

Ten years later, after service in Moscow and Prague and, during the Second World War, in Germany and Portugal, that conviction had deepened. "Our government is technically incapable," he wrote, "of conceiving and promulgating a long-term consistent policy toward areas remote from its own territory. Our actions in the field of foreign affairs are the convulsive reactions of politicians to an internal political life dominated by vocal minorities."

The way in which American introversion distorted the realities of international life seemed to him to be nowhere better illustrated than in our dealings with the Soviet Union. At no time in his career, writes Kennan, "did I consider the Soviet Union a fit ally or associate, actual or potential, for this country." In June, 1941, after Hitler had invaded Russia, he wrote to a friend: "It seems to me that to welcome Russia as an associate in the defense of democracy would invite misunderstanding of our own position and would lend to the German war effort a gratuitous and sorely needed aura of morality." To give material aid to the Russians might be to our advantage, but nothing should be done "which might identify us politically or ideologically with the Russian war effort."

After the so-called Grand Alliance had been consummated, he was distressed by "the sort of fulsome col-

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laboration with Russia" that the American public was taught to expect and "the shabby equivocations" (Yalta, for example) that were perpetrated to support those expectations, and he despaired over the bootless attempts made to persuade the Soviet government to adhere to grandiloquent statements of principle that had relevance neither to its values nor its interests. Arguing on the basis of principle merely made the Russians suspicious, he maintained: they understand only actions and evidence of power and intention.

These views remained unfashionable until February, 1946, when Washington began to become disenchanted with the Russians. At that time, in response to a request for an explanation of the Soviet government's unwillingness to adhere to the World Bank, Kennan sent a long analysis of Soviet behavior to Washington, saying much that he had said to unresponsive ears earlier, and he became a man of authority overnight. The sudden transformation puzzled him, and he concluded that this must have been "one of those moments when official Washington, whose states of receptivity or the opposite are determined by subjective emotional currents as intricately imbedded in the subconscious as those of the most complicated of Sigmund Freud's erstwhile patients, was ready to receive a given message." Since the external realities were what they had always been, however, was not this degree of subjectivity alarming? Did it not raise the question "whether a government so constituted should deceive itself into believing it is capable of conducting a mature, consistent and discriminating foreign policy?"

This question continued to trouble Kennan as he now moved to Washington and, after a hitch in the National War College, became chief of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. In his view, the new official mood of awareness to the Soviet danger threatened to become as unrealistic as the old mood of faith in perfect collaboration with the Russians. It soon led to the elevation of anti-Communism as the guiding principle of American foreign policy (an example of what Kennan believes to be "the congenital aversion of Americans to taking specific decisions on specific problems and . . . their persistent urge to seek universal formulae or doctrines in which to clothe and justify particular actions") and to instances of overreaction to Soviet moves (among which he seems willing to include both the Truman Doctrine and the establishment of NATO). Similarly, it led to the distortion of Kennan's own views of the proper method of containing the Russians, changing it in the hands of those who implemented it from a political to a military doctrine. As this sort of thing continued, he came to feel that the government had "moved into an area where there is a reluctance to recognize the finer distinctions of the psychology of our adversaries" and was substituting, for reasoned policy, the kind of militant posturing that could be easily understood by a public that was now in a cold war mood.

In this atmosphere, Kennan, who was now exploring the possibilities of disengagement in Europe and who shocked John Foster Dulles by suggesting that Communist China's membership in the United Nations might bring political advantages, felt increasingly uncomfortable and, when there was evidence in late 1949 that the authority of the Policy Planning Staff was to be reduced, he resolved to resign. Purpose and direction could not be given to United States foreign policy, he felt, unless "a firm theoretical groundwork has been laid to back up whatever policy is pursued and unless the persons most concerned . . . have all been thoroughly and severely indoctrinated in this theoretical groundwork, so that they all have the same understanding of what it is that we are trying to do. Since our present governmental system lacks the disciplinary authority for such indoctrination, it really can come only through an intensive educational effort directed toward our public opinion in general and particularly toward the work of our universities. All this impels me to the thought that, if I am ever to do any good in this work, having the courage of my convictions, it must be outside the walls of this institution [the Department of State] and not inside them."

With beautifully etched vignettes of life in the service in Eastern Europe in the 1930's, provocative portraits of chiefs of mission and associates like William Bullitt, Alexander Kirk, Averell Harriman, and George Marshall (all of whom Kennan admired), Joseph Davies (whom he viewed with incredulous distaste), and Dean Acheson (about whose judgment of people he harbors doubts), and insights into the evolution of the Marshall Plan, the modification of our occupation policy in Japan, and the debate on German policy, this is a fascinating book, hard to put down once opened. But it is also disturbing and at times irritating. One cannot help feeling that its drumfire of criticism against the inadequacies of U.S. foreign policy drowns out some things that might, and should, be said about its achievements in the postwar period.

Kennan himself seems, at least once, to suspect that this might be true, After severely criticizing U.S. occupation policy in Germany and quoting remarks from his diary about our "false and corrupting position" there, he admits that he had perhaps exaggerated its "iniquities and inadequacies," taken "too tragically the painful aspects of its impact on the Germans," been "too pessimistic about the prospects for recovery . . . overestimated the time it would take for our occupational establishment to turn responsibility over to the Germans," and so on. This is a handsome if belated modification of view, and one could wish there were more of its kind in this volume.

Even more disturbing is the acerbity of Kennan's remarks about Congress, whose interventions in foreign policy he resents, perhaps partly because of the traumatic effect of having to deal with a drunken Congressman in the Kremlin who asked him, "What if I biff the old codger [Stalin] one in the nose?" Members of Congress can indeed be troublesome, but surely Kennan goes a bit far in suggesting that it is demeaning for an American diplomat to have to remind a negotiating partner that there is no use in discussing treaty clauses that the U.S. Senate could not possibly endorse; and surely it was unnecessary of him to declare that he saw (and presumably still sees) no reason for giving the

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Solution to

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Puzzle #180

Acrostician—

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L	■	V	■	R	■	H	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	D
O	R	I	N	O	C	O	■	F	I	B	S	T	O	O
N	■	L	■	A	■	K	■	I	■	E	■	B	■	R
G	O	M	A	D	L	Y	A	S	T	R	A	Y	■	■
S	■	A	■	W	■	■	■	H	■	A	■	M	■	S
T	I	N	E	A	■	T	R	I	A	L	H	E	A	T
O	■	■	■	Y	■	H	■	N	■	P	■	■	■	O
R	I	G	H	T	W	I	N	G	■	R	E	C	A	P
Y	■	L	■	H	■	R	■	■	■	E	■	H	■	S
■	■	U	N	E	N	D	I	N	G	S	N	O	W	S
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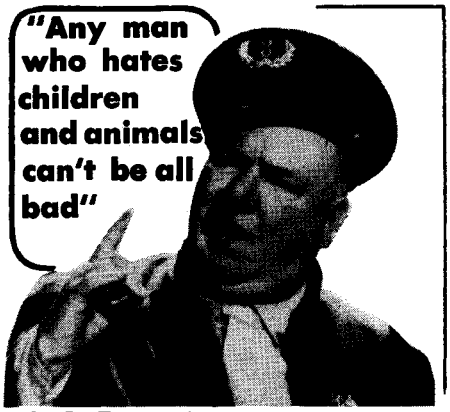

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late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg much praise for his aid in mobilizing support for the administration's European policy in 1948. "I could not accept the assumption," he writes tartly, "that Senators were all such idiots that they deserved admiring applause every time they could be persuaded by the State Department to do something sensible."

Granted that Senator Vandenberg's services were somewhat exaggerated by grateful departmental officials, these words are ill-tempered and betray an impatience with the controls that the Constitution has imposed upon its foreign-policy establishment, as upon its soldiers. As a historian, Kennan would surely not find it difficult to think of examples of the dangerous results that can flow from *not* having such controls, and as a diplomat and a philosopher he should be willing to tolerate this legitimate limitation upon foreign policy and its agents. After all, diplomacy is the art of the possible.

Prescriptions And Palliatives

JOHN MECKLIN

BEYOND VIETNAM: THE UNITED STATES AND ASIA, by Edwin O. Reischauer. *Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95. Vintage paperback. $1.65.*

Safely back at Harvard after five successful years as ambassador to Japan, Professor Reischauer has now come up with a book on what to do about Asia in which he lays aside the inhibitions of government service in rather spectacular fashion. A good many of his recent colleagues in the State Department are likely to think that the book reveals Reischauer to be a political flower child. The anti-war zealots no doubt will hail it as a sequel to the Ten Commandments. And no wonder. Among other heresies, the book suggests that the United States may have been wrong for the past quarter century in trying to block the spread of Communism in Asia.

Few if any Americans possess better credentials than Reischauer's to

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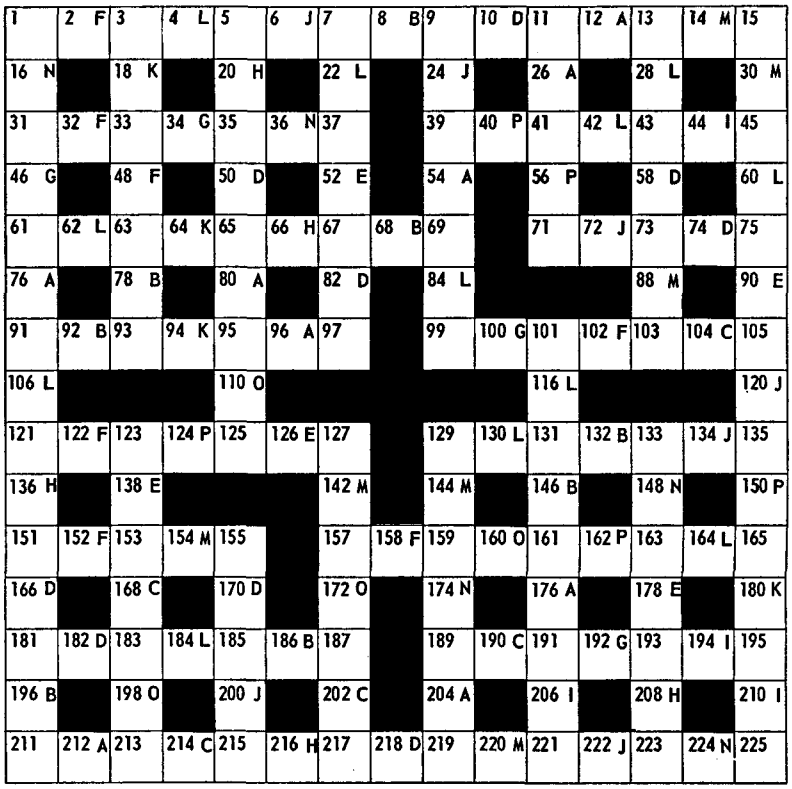
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 181

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 80 176 26 212 12 54 96 76 204 Border city in south central U.S.

B 146 8 68 196 186 78 132 92 Name of Tahitian chieftain as used in Nordhoff and Hall's "Mutiny on the Bounty."

C 202 190 104 168 214 "...the hour is ill / Which severs those it should_____." Shelley, "Good Night."

D 82 50 58 218 10 166 170 182 74 Term for one extreme in politics (5,4).

E 178 52 126 90 138 "Cruel children, crying babies, / All grow up as_____ and gabies." Stevenson, "A Child's Garden of Verses."

F 48 152 32 122 102 2 158 "I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an_____." Farquhar, "Sir Harry Wildair."

G 34 192 100 46 The modern hautboy.

H 136 66 208 216 20 "With antique pillars massy proof, / And storied windows richly_____." Milton, "Il Penseroso."

I 44 194 206 210 A kind of spice.

J 6 222 134 72 120 200 24 Mythical land of pastoral literature.

K 180 54 94 18 Lasso.

L 62 116 28 184 4 60 84 164 22 130 42 106 Place of activity of the Acrostician (7,5).

M 30 144 220 142 14 154 88 Very rough on the ocean (4,3).

N 224 148 16 174 36 "Then, 'twixt a vice and folly, turned_____ to do good deeds." Kipling, "Plain Tales from the Hills."

O 198 110 160 172 Country in Southeast Asia.

P 162 40 124 150 56 With slack.

ACROSS

1. Charges for money and looks out for it (5,2,8).
31. Odor met when one traveled by car.
39. Creon, I'm afraid, was not guiltless (2,5).
61. With 129 across, job of the Acrostician in Word L.
71. Handel this piece with care.
91. Show how pay slid about.
99. Kind of poker game that's out of bounds? (2,5).
121. Not said of the Outs with one's own ripe (2,5).
129. See 61 across.
151. Put out Peel ten times!
157. Where to find the mirage or the Japanese actor, they say (2,2,5).
181. Leaders in an arch support movement.
189. Where to find oars or the gravy (2,1,4).
211. Alternative direction to the Scotsman (4,3,4,4).

DOWN

1. "_____ for no man." I waited ten, I admit (4,3,4,4).
3. To stoke is to lead to an acidosis condition.
5. Business of the Acrostician (6,3).
7. Turndown for the girl friend in a Reno day (2,5).
9. China cloth makes the girl seem eager.
11. Take Lee back around 90 and he'll stand out.
13. A bon mot may be a grim ape, for instance.
15. Loneliest or sandiest? (3,4,8).
101. A beautiful but drunken lady or a succulent fruit? (4,5).
123. Conversation after a vitamin pill? (3,4).
127. Put out again, for Sue's in.
129. City in Brazil that may aid Juin.
133. Of one who's hep and on the move twice (2,1,2-2).
155. Permitted in Bengali cities.

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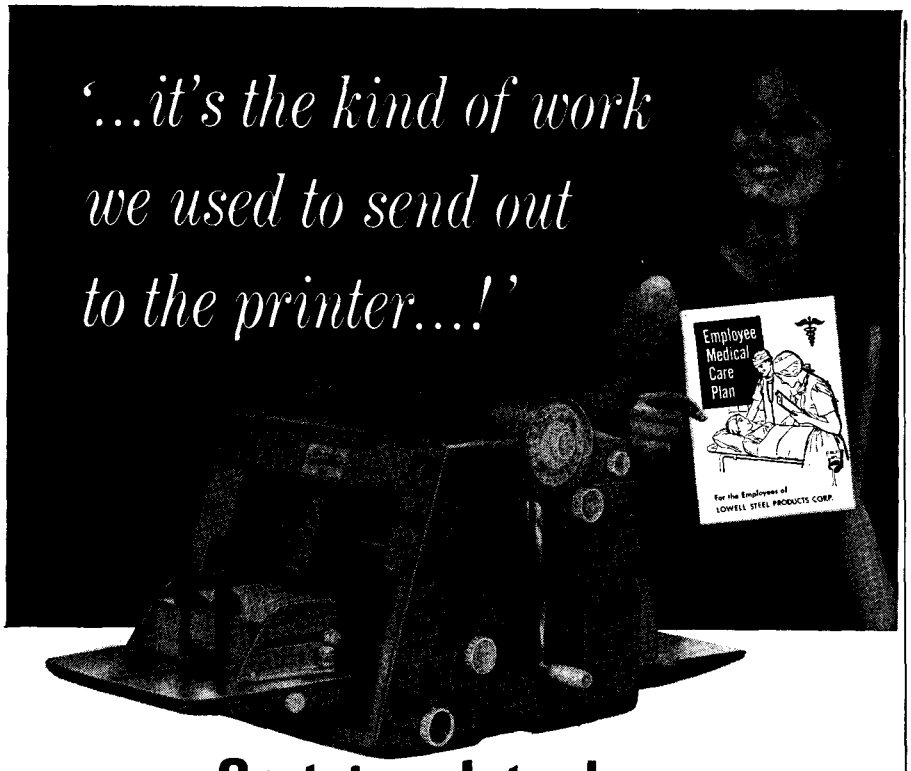
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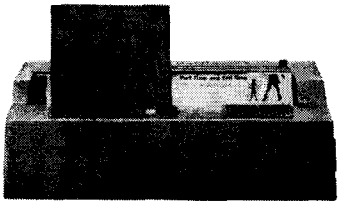

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challenge basic U.S. policy in Asia. Born and brought up in Tokyo, he has devoted his career, both on the Harvard faculty (since 1939) and in and out of government service, to Far Eastern affairs. He sets forth his arguments in such eloquent ex cathedra style, moreover, that the reader may easily imagine himself in a university lecture hall jammed with worshipful students come to hear the master, totally absorbed, tittering at gentle witticisms like his remark that some Chinese "would rather be fed than red," agreeing absolutely with every thought—but not, perhaps, for long.

One can also imagine the same students an hour or two later, after the spell has worn off, in heated argument about what the master really said. The book, regrettably, is so poorly edited that it reads like the transcript of a series of off-the-cuff lectures. There are frequent inconsistencies, and Reischauer sometimes is both patronizing and intemperate. For example, the book variously describes U. S. support for the Chinese Nationalists as "frozen . . . absurd . . . silly . . . frantic," yet it later concedes that Taiwan has a "promising future" and should be defended militarily. Elocution and judgments are so freely mixed that the book is more a collection of aphorisms than an orderly argument. Regarded in that light, however, it is valuable, packed with provocative ideas.

PERHAPS as a gesture of loyalty to his former employers in Washington, Reischauer reports at the outset that he agrees "basically" with present U.S. policy in Vietnam as long as there is neither withdrawal nor major escalation. He offers an impressively perceptive discussion of the Vietnam situation. When he discusses what to *do* about Vietnam, however, Reischauer hardly sounds like a friend of the administration, proposing a series of steps that would virtually invite a Vietcong takeover of the South—and he does so in a tone of voice which suggests that he does not really care if that happens. One idea, for example, is "a ceasefire arrangement under which zones that at the time are really controlled by the Vietcong would remain in their hands. . . ." He proposes that this would be feasi-

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ble because the people eventually might refuse to take orders from the Vietcong—which makes as much sense as suggesting that the people of occupied Europe could have refused to take orders from the Nazis.

Discussing "the might-have-beens" in Vietnam, Reischauer says the U.S. erred initially by failing to support Ho Chi Minh's effort to seize power in the 1940's. This, he writes, would have produced a Communist but "highly nationalistic Vietnam": Ho would have behaved like a Tito, becoming a "dike" against Chinese expansion; and this would have created a "general situation in Vietnam and Southeast Asia . . . much less unsatisfactory to us than what we have today."

Having established that Vietnam is a "fiasco," Reischauer proceeds to a *tour de force* discussion, country by country, on how to apply its lessons to U.S. relations with the rest of Asia, dispensing knowledge and sweeping political pronouncements with towering authority. He writes that the American problem is not Senator Fulbright's "arrogance of power" but "naïveté in the use of power." He compares the U.S. with the dinosaurs "which developed ganglia to control various parts of their massive bodies, but failed to develop much of a brain." U.S. power has been applied so ineptly, he writes, that countries like Burma, Cambodia, and Indonesia have decided their best hope against the Communists is "staying strictly away, not only from our military protection, but even from our economic aid."

Reischauer's prescription for American policy in general conforms with the ideas of most liberal-minded Asia hands: that nationalism, not Communism, is the critical force stimulating revolution not only in Vietnam but throughout the continent, and that the U.S., instead of opposing it, must learn to encourage it. This is a truth that few authorities will dispute. The same cannot be said, however, of Reischauer's further argument that Communism in Asia is merely a tool of the nationalists and therefore not a vital threat to the U.S. His position is worth excerpting at some length:

". . . it is hard to see how Soviet or Chinese domination over most of the countries of Asia could have any

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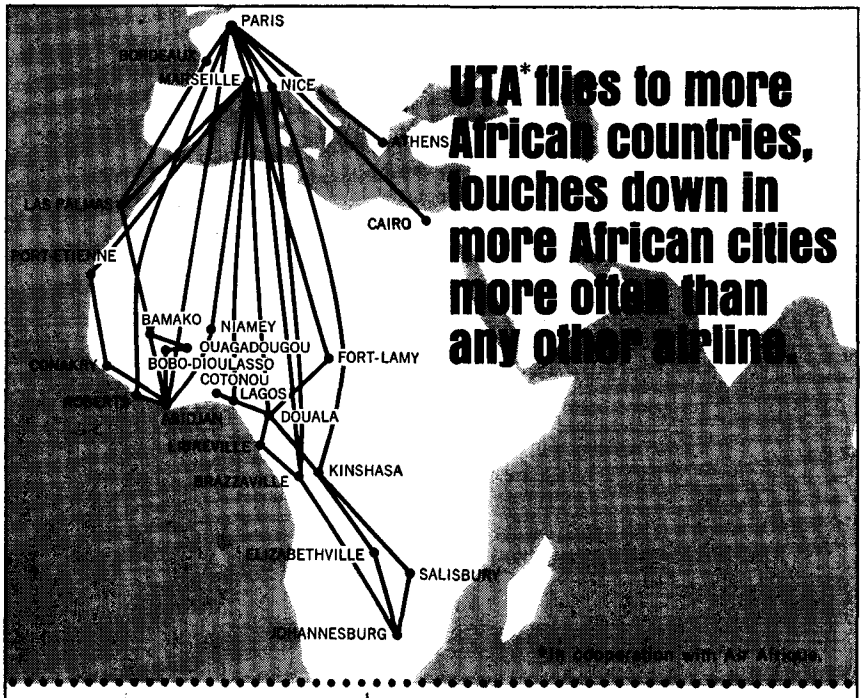

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appreciable effect in the near future, except to weaken the dominating power. . . . [It] could prove an unbearable [economic] load. . . . We also should not assume that the seizure of a nation in Asia, either by foreign-dominated or independent Communists, means that for all time that country is committed to Communism and to hostility toward us. Communism is no more resistant to change than are other systems. . . . a detour into Communism today will not necessarily have a decisive influence on what an Asian country is like some decades from now, when its attitudes and role in the world may be far more important to us than they are at present. . . . we Americans, of all people in the world, can face [a Communist Asia] with equanimity. . . . We would not be threatened by the kind of military power Asia could develop. . . . A Communization of much of Asia would merely further widen the gap between the advanced and less developed nations and place a heavier burden on Communism in its competition with the free world. . . ."

AT FIRST READING, this kind of language from a man of Reischauer's background seems scandalous, cynical power politics, a flagrant contradiction of his talk elsewhere in the book about an American "moral imperative" to help the peoples of Asia. It suggests a gamble with U.S. national security so spectacular as to make the risks of the bombing of North Vietnam seem trivial. It has a curious isolationist flavor, echoing some of the America First ideas of the late 1930's about a Nazi conquest of Europe. It implies cruel indifference to the fate of hundreds of millions of people who would be condemned to decades of police-state subjugation during the course of those "detours" into Communism. And most dismaying of all, Reischauer seems to betray remarkable ignorance of the world we live in by failing at least to note that Communist envelopment of all Asia would stir such violent reactions around the globe as to make World War III a near certainty. Taken at its face value, in short, his thinking is wildly unrealistic.

One wonders if Reischauer really intended his repeated extravagances in this book to be taken literally. Perhaps it is not the ex-ambassador speaking but the college professor trying desperately to get his audience just for once to *think* about Asia? For all the reckless language of the quotation above, for example, there is also a great deal of truth in it, like the thought that the conquest of more Asian masses, e.g., India, would lead to vast new economic burdens and thus weaken the Communist world. If pure intellectual stimulation was Reischauer's intent, his book is a success; few readers will emerge from it without a feeling that we all should be doing more thinking about Asia, and less knee-jerk reacting. But as a guide on what to do about the frightening problems of Asia here and now, it reads like a proposal to solve the crime problem in Harlem by withdrawing the police and turning things over to the Salvation Army. « »

Word People On Film People

ROBERT SKLAR

READING all the new books on the movies provides the same small pleasures and large grievances as going, day and night, to all the new movies themselves. A goodly share of what one reads or sees turns out to be so bad that profit hardly seems a motive in its making. The vast middling bulk comes out as mediocre and passable work, diverting or informative enough in its way if it were not for a universal self-serving pretentiousness, as if every one made a bold, undying contribution to high art, true morality, or fearless public service. Here and there one finds a well-made, memorable work—and now and then a great one.

André Bazin's *What Is Cinema?* is a great book, one of the handful of indispensable books on the motion picture, even allowing for the possibility that the reader of a season's list of books on movies, like the conscientious film critic, may have had his sense of proportion so dulled by bad work that he mistakes competence for greatness. It is likely, however, that his work will prove valuable even if it is proved wrong. With luck Bazin may become the Wittgenstein of film criticism, the original genius who provides the issues and, above all, the exacting intellectual standards for the next generation of writers on the movies.

Bazin, who died a decade ago when he was barely forty, was a co-editor of *Les Cahiers du Cinéma* and a friend and mentor of the young generation of French filmmakers, including Truffaut, Godard, Bresson, and Resnais. He was a philosopher and essayist in the traditional French manner—four volumes of his essays have been collected since his death—but his work, at least in Hugh Gray's selection and lucid translation, possesses all the virtues and none of the vices of French intellectual style.

In his essays Bazin approached the cinema with the philosophical seriousness and intellectual ambition that the French, almost uniquely, can bring to bear on seemingly marginal subjects like fashion or social customs. But he avoided the self-aggrandizement, the system-building, and the deliberate obscurity that often seem the principal goals of French philosophical effort. No one

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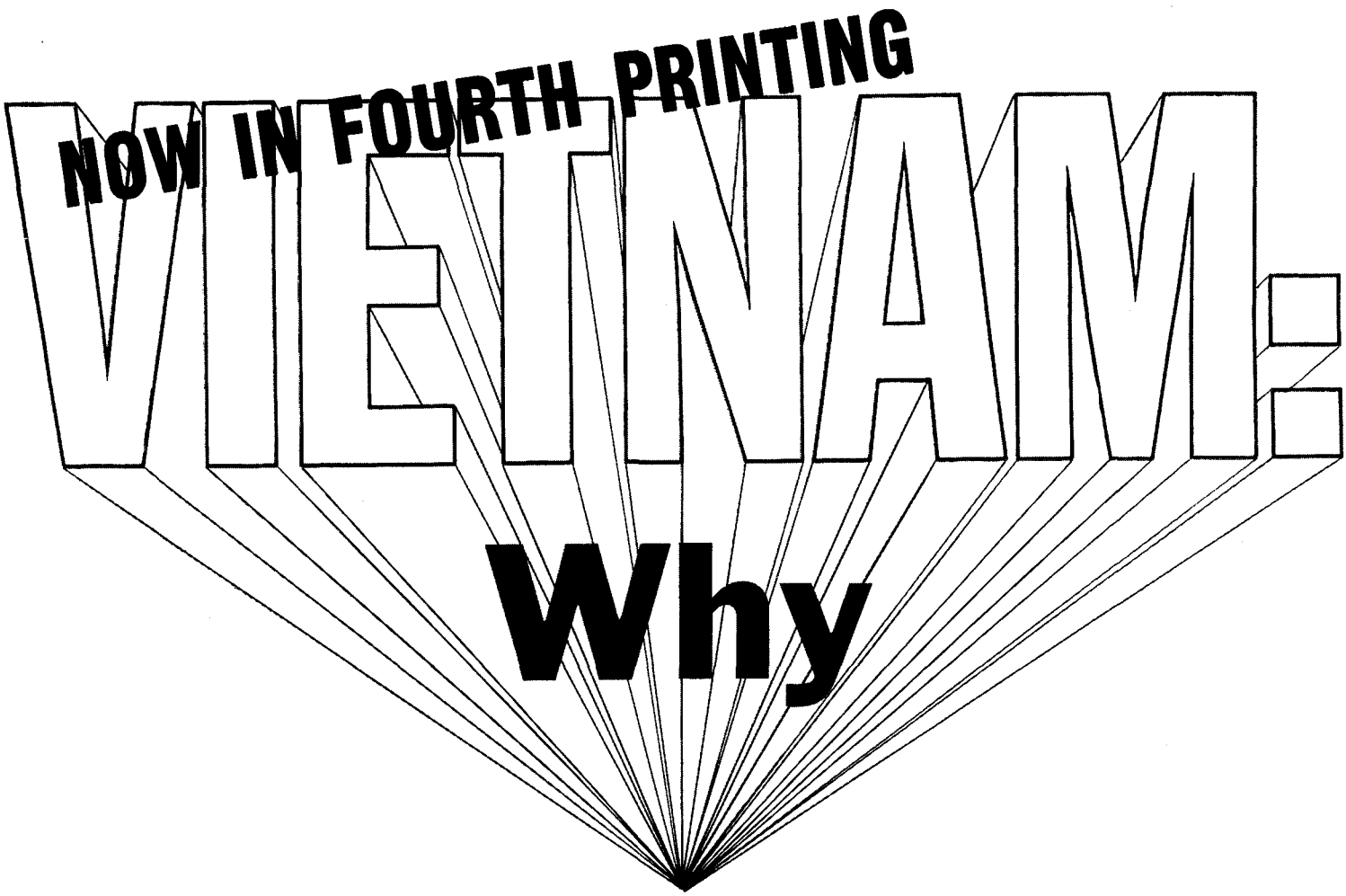

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before Bazin had bothered to focus so broad an aesthetic and historical knowledge, coupled with so deep a philosophical and psychological insight, on merely the movies. The result is not only one of the fundamental books on the cinema but also a basic book on the psychology and philosophy of the arts.

Bazin's arresting perspective is evident in the first sentence of *What Is Cinema?*: "If the plastic arts were put under psychoanalysis, the practice of embalming the dead might turn out to be a fundamental factor in their creation." His basic theme is that the film image is meant to be an objective recapturing of reality. From this starting point he looks on film aesthetics from a wholly original angle. A "myth of total cinema" existed before the development of cinema techniques, he maintains, just as the myth of Icarus preceded the airplane. New developments like sound and color therefore bring the cinema closer to perfection, rather than detract from the "pure" cinema of silent days.

There is much more in *What Is Cinema?*, particularly on the psychology of the screen image. Bazin's leads will be tested and explored for years to come.

THE MOST STRIKING aspect of the remainder of this season's books on film is that they are so many. There has been a good deal of speculation recently, both by film people and by word people, that film and literacy are mutually incompatible, but publishers and booksellers know that the market for books on film, particularly among the generation of movie fans now entering the colleges, is growing. What other excuse could they have for bringing out so many bad books?

It would be unfair, of course, not to recognize that several of these works have merit. *Film Makers on Film Making*, edited by Harry Geduld, is a collection of statements by thirty film directors on various aspects of their profession, and though it is haphazardly organized and indifferently edited, it does provide several interesting remarks, and occasionally a brilliant one, by great directors. The three new additions to the "International Film Guide" publications, a series of paperbacks, vary in ambition and quality, but their modest purpose is refreshing, and they contribute useful material to the growing body of information on movie history. F. Maurice Speed's *Film Review* is an almanac of sorts, with a smattering of factual information and nearly two hundred pages of stills from recent films.

Of the film criticism less happy things can be said, although there are striking differences between the two English and the two American books. Raymond Durgnat and David Thomson, the two English critics, are in fact excellent examples of the argument that passion for motion pictures is antithetical to literacy. Durgnat does rise occasionally to lucidity, or rather slips from it, since the first part of *Films and Feelings* is the clearest. No part of *Movie Man* is clear. John Simon's *Private Screenings* and Parker Tyler's *The Three Faces of the Film* are both collections of their journalism, and thus they have had the advantage of two sets of editors, where Durgnat and Thomson appear to have had none.

Simon and Tyler are intelligent men who view the movies largely through the eyes of a nineteenth-century European literary culture. It gives them a moralistic, elitist perspective that shines brightly but fitfully on the movies as they exist in reality; it was in ridding himself of preconceptions like theirs, both about the art and its audience, that Bazin made himself into an important writer on the movies. Both Simon and Tyler are highly critical of the movie styles that Bazin helped to foster, exemplified by the French New Wave and especially by the films of Jean-Luc Godard. Tyler perceives Godard's faults more clearly than Simon, who is chiefly outraged; it is distressing to read a man's collected reviews and suffer through the wretched times he has had week after week for four years.

MOVIE STARS do not necessarily lead boring lives, but invariably they are the victims of boring biographies. Irving Shulman at least does an interesting job in telling the true story of Valentino's life, but he has nothing of value to say on the actor's screen popularity or on the cult that arose after his death, though he devotes fully half his book to the latter. Leslie Frewin's *Dietrich* is a harmless puff.

What comes through from all this bad, indifferent, occasionally good, and in one case—Bazin's *What Is Cinema?*—excellent writing is a sense of an emotional undertone, a depth of feeling and commitment, which writers much less frequently bring to the other arts. Poetry and fiction by and large are in the hands of the academics, painting and sculpture in the hands of promoters and museum directors, music in the hands of the foundations, theatre in the hands of the embalmers. Alone among the arts, the movies remain undefined and open to all comers, still so unpoliced that absurd aesthetic theories, naïve enthusiasms, bitter controversies, and angry denunciations are constant elements in the life of the medium. Books on the movies will get better, but it would be a sad thing if professional decorum took over so completely that it stifled passions that make the movies the most living, the most public, and, for the present at least, the most exciting of the arts.

Cardinal

Grey and rose she lies in my hand
Wings smooth to her sides,
A little beating sac like an amulet
Loose from the base of her throat.
The children turn out doors in this whirling wind
To think her now their faithful pet,
But the cat has ripped her past saving.
I cover her with my other hand
And in that pod conceal her death
As in the darkest cedar remote.

—JEAN FARLEY

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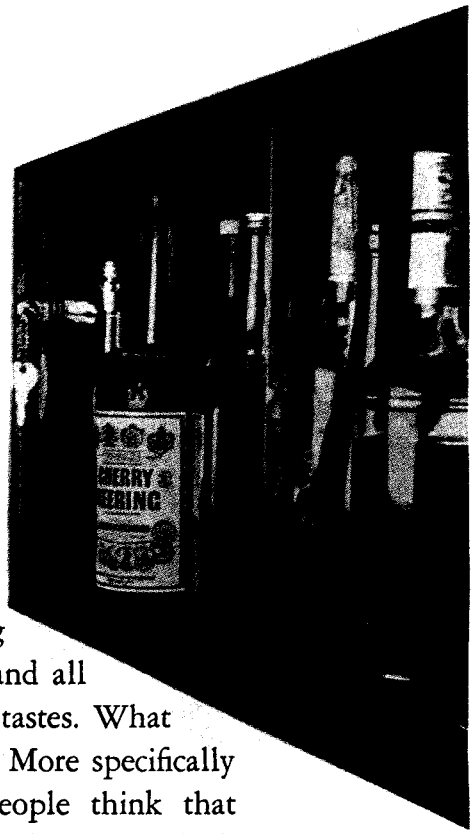

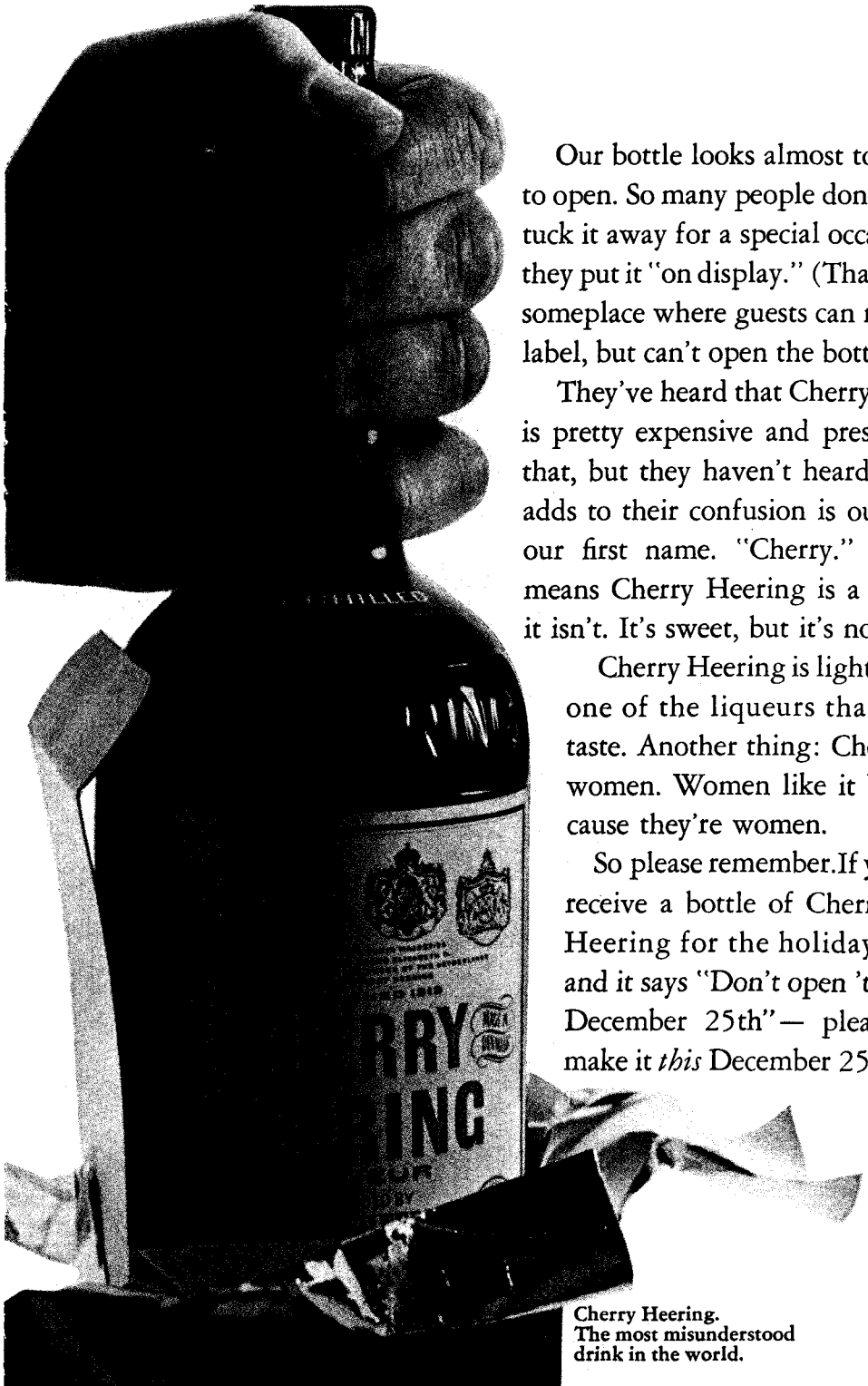

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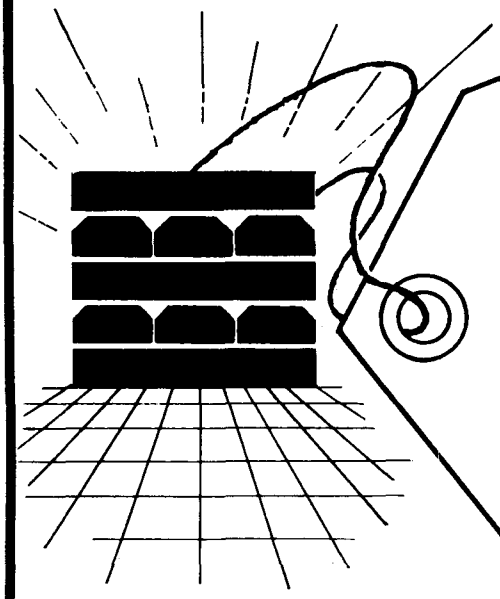

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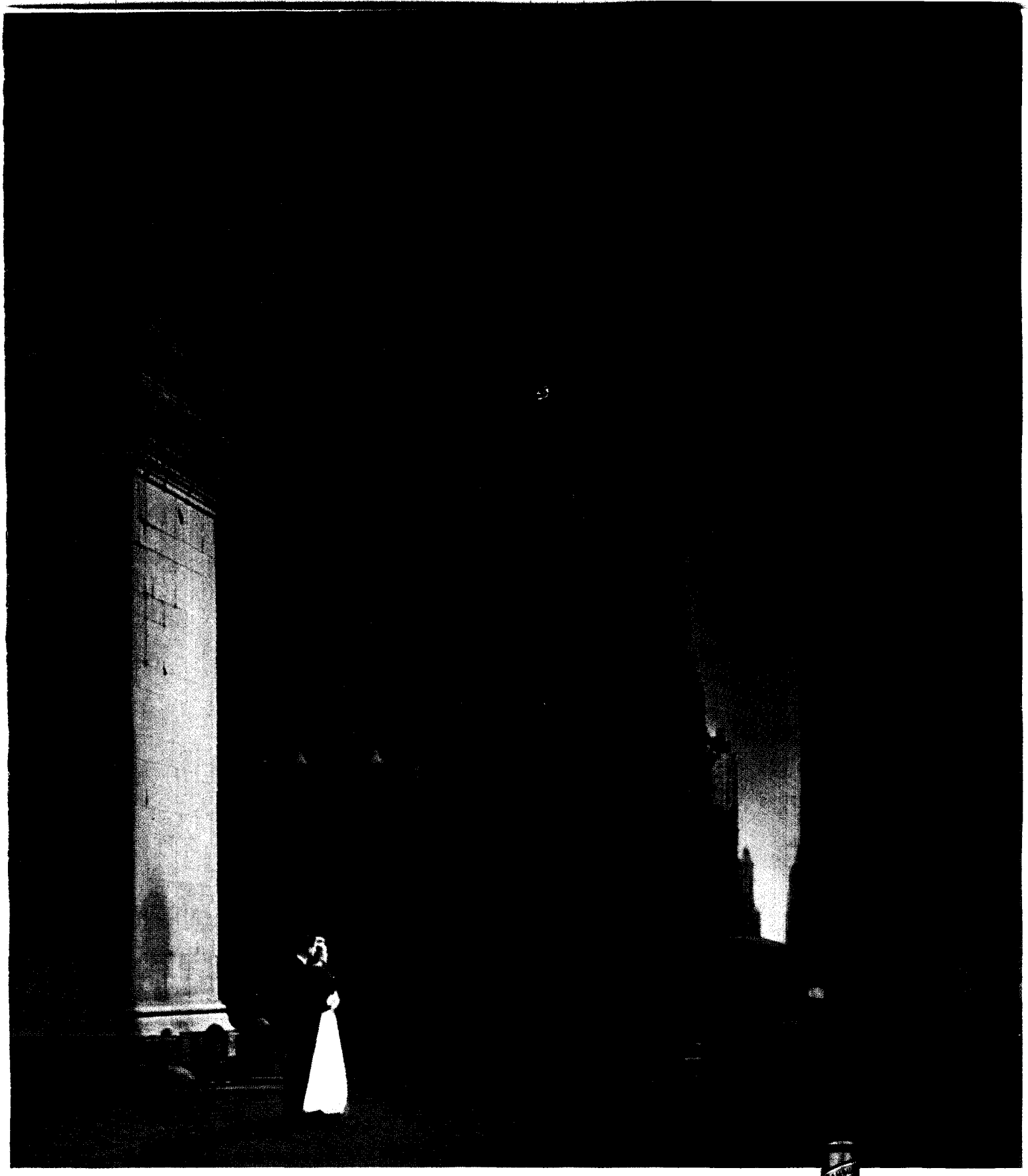

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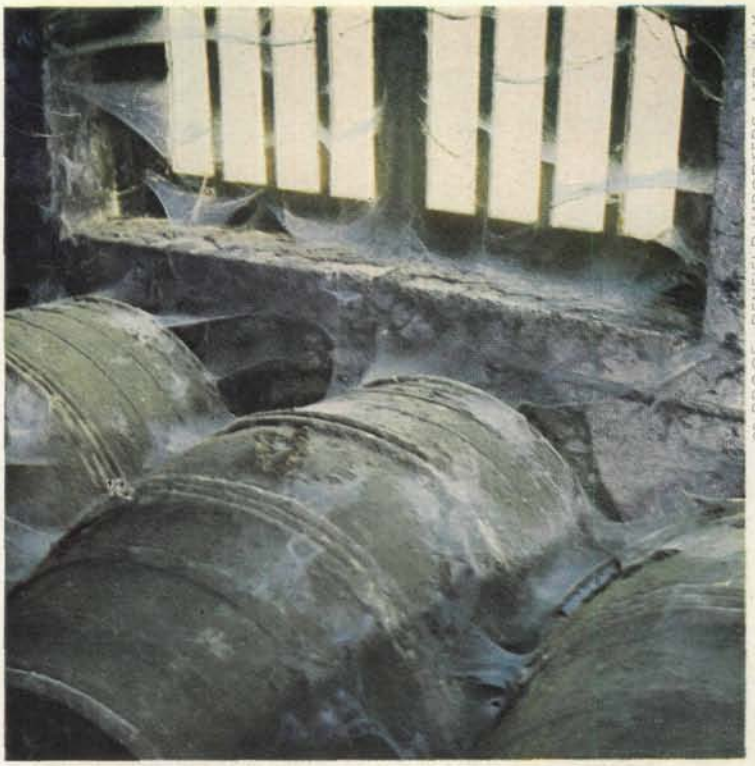

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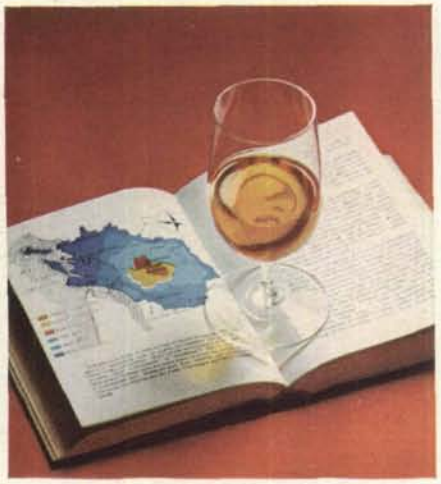

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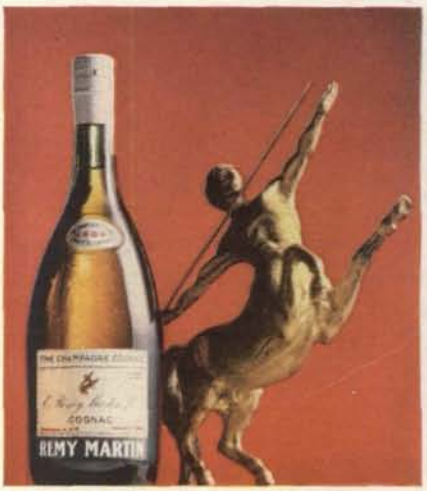

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